THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. V. FEBRUARY, 1894. NO. 3.

A DREAM OF SOULS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I dreamed I saw three disembodied souls
Awaiting judgment. First the sinner came
Who moaned for his lost body and its joys,
Its appetites and lusts. "In those desires
Which still enchain the spirit, lies thy hell,"
Spoke God in pitying tones; "Go wear them out
In lonely meditation."

Next I saw—
The righteous man whose life had held no stain
Because temptation never crossed his path.
"Go back to mortal form," his Maker cried,
Thou hast not erred; there is no hell for thee,
No heaven, because thou hast not overcome."

Then, slow advanced one who had fallen low
From being sorely tried; one who had found
How bitter are the fruits of sin, and learned
Through loss of it, fair virtue's priceless worth.
"Lord, Lord!" he cried, "thy deepest, darkest pit
Were all too shallow to conceal my shame."

His Maker smiled and answered, "Soul, arise;
Thou hast obtained the truth, it matters not
Through what dark ways the knowledge came to thee,
So thou, but understand; thy hell is past.
Go dwell with thy redeemed forever more."

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A TERRACE IN ALGIERS.

WOMEN UNDER ORIENTAL CIVILIZATION.

BY SARAH PARKER.

WOMAN'S position in and outside of Harems is an interesting subject for Christians to investigate and discuss. Different denominations of our creed, both in the United States and Europe, annually spend thousands of dollars and thousands of pounds in sending missionaries to foreign lands for the purpose of converting the so-called "heathen." The desirability of these efforts of proselytism is queried by the writer; while the following incident will serve to point out the amount of success attending at least one of these undertakings.

Last June the writer was returning to London from Algeria, and entered into conversation with a missionary and his wife who had spent eight years in the same country. On being asked how many converts they had made, the wife ingenuously replied that there was just one Arab of whom there was some hope of gathering into the fold. The husband was more cautious, and instead of supplying information launched off into a long harangue.

In India and Egypt under English rule the natives are more sensitive to conversion; but it is a conversion of convenience and not one bearing the true stamp. Christianity for the stomach's sake and Buddhism for the soul's sake is the principle on which the converted in Hindoostan act. In Egypt also conversion is convenient on the same principle. In California the follower of Confucius, if you gain his confidence, will tell you that he goes to Melican man's church because he gets "heap washing, heap washing." These philosophers of the labor class know well how to adjust the balance between exoteric and esoteric principles.

The Arab and the Arabess form the picturesque statuettes in the *coup d'œil* scenes in Algeria. Men of magnificent form, whose light brown faces stamped with an expression of refinement and reflection, distinguish them from the darker-visaged Moor,* attract the attention of foreign visitors. In strong contrast with these fine speci-

*There is one tribe of the Moorish race, however, that is as fair in complexion as the European.

KABYLES WOMAN.

mens of human physique, the women strike the eye as you wander along the streets. Their appearance suggests to you the conviction that they must have left their sleeping quarters with their bed-clothes rolled around them and their feet incased in high-heeled slippers, which do not contribute to a dignified gait. Of their features only the eyes are visible, but they glisten like black diamonds in silver settings.

In the same style, but with display of richness of costume, the fair ones of the higher classes are clad. Fine soft silks constitute the material of their robes. Silk trousers confined at the ankles, and silk stockings just showing themselves above the pretty shoes. As elsewhere in all parts of the female world, the Arabess does not disdain to court admiration, and you can see under the thin veiling of diaphanous drapery the contours of face and figure of Arab beauties, and catch glimpses of waists enclosed in multicolored satins and velvets decked with precious stones.

There is no social prohibition in Algeria against native ladies riding in public trains or walking in the public streets; but it is a recognized rule that no lady does so alone, or after nightfall. Members of the unfortunate class of females are very few in number, and those few the result of the introduction of European ideas with regard to a social problem which hitherto the civilization of the nineteenth century has been unable to solve

It may seem strange to the reader, who has formed an opinion of the strictly conservative principles involved in the Arab's creed and his domestic laws, that the natives of Algeria are beginning to intermarry with Europeans. But such is the case, and the writer knows of many instances of Arabs of education and high standing having taken to themselves European wives. In no case did the wife express herself discontented with her lot; on the contrary they all proclaimed the devotion of their husbands. In one instance a Soudan Arab was not only supporting his wife in comfort bordering on luxury but also her old and infirm parents

Friday, the Sabbath of Mahomet, is a day which transient visitors to Algiers should not fail to take notice of. On that sacred day a great gathering of harem ladies assembles at the cemetery to decorate the graves of the dead with flowers. As a rule, they take with them their luncheon, consisting mainly of bread, cakes and fruits, with supplies of water. Most of them speak French and will engage freely in conversation, at which they are delightful. They look upon Christian women as barbarians—the latter's dress, habits and diet, especially meat and wine, being regarded by them as evidences of barbaric tastes and requirements. The writer, being invited to their homes and becoming familiar with their children, found, not perfection of life, but a life of great content, a fervent belief in Allah and invincible family love.

KABYLES TYPE.

UofM

Twenty-five miles up country may be seen many of the lower class women attending upon the military of an encampment, their little tents being cleanly kept and frugally supplied. These workers are paid for their labor at the rate of from one to two francs a day, a different state of affairs from that which is found in India and Egypt. But be the pay large or small, when climate and simplicity of clothing and living are taken into consideration, the condition of these women is far above that of the same class of European female workers, especially during the winter season. Another point strongly in their favor is their abstinence from intoxicating beverages.

Marriage, according to the Azran law, is not a contract for enjoyment in this life, protection of self, service from another, or production of progeny. It is a solemn union of souls, having the education of the heart as its sole end, with a view to the realization of that condition of being wherein self is merged in the All. This high

WOMAN OF GOOD SAADA.

principle is carried out in Algeria, as the reader will recognize by the following incident.

Seated by the blue waters of the Mediterranean I saw, day by day, stalwart Arabs cut out their children's clothes and sew them. Surprised at this humble occupation, engaged in by men who might make a "horrid battle-front," if so inclined, one morning I summoned up courage to make the remark to one of them that with our race that was woman's work.

"That may be," was the reply, "but *we* think that, when our wives go through the pain and danger of child-bearing for us, our duty is to save them all the trouble possible thereafter."

Domestic life among the Arabs is truly one of love and contentment. The husband never tyrannizes his wife. Parents and children form a happy family whose domestic peace is not interrupted even by want and hardships. I have been much among the working classes, and have witnessed the deep affection of husband for wife, wife for husband, parents for children, and children for parents. Divorce is rare.

I accompanied the Arab to his home and we halted in front of the entrance, the door to which was a curtain. The chatter of female voices, ripples of laughter, and the sound of dancing feet were heard. The Arab clapped his hands three times, whereupon followed the hurried scattering of women and children. Then the one wife presented herself at the entrance and was about to embrace her husband when, seeing me, she desisted and cordially invited me to enter and partake of their hospitality.

An Arab husband, as well as all Oriental husbands, does not intrude into the presence of his comrades' wives, and in all classes the rule is that, if the wife desires quiet and privacy, she expresses her wish by placing her slippers outside the curtain of her apartment; however humble it may be, no husband will intrude. Slippers also are used in divorce cases. They are turned upside down at the entrance to the law court and indicate the wife's grievance. All the sickening details of connubial infelicity, as given in the journals of civilized countries, are absent and not published broadcast. But, as before remarked, divorces are of rare occurrence, one of the reasons for which is that the man purchases his wife, and the principle that what costs is valuable is a vinculum seldom parted.

On one occasion I was witness to an interesting scene.

"You are my property, my slave," cried an Arab chief to his pretty, beautifully-dressed wife. "I bought you from you father." Thereupon she called her three children around her, and binding the husband with silken cords, forced him to his knees

GROUP OF CHILDREN.

UofM

and made him sue for pardon and acknowledge himself her slave.

This feat accomplished, the merry creature turned to me with the inquiry —"Do not the men in your world also buy their wives?"

"Oh, no," I replied, "we have hosts of disconsolate females who would willingly buy a husband if they could, some of whom succeed in doing so."

These discussions, practical and literal, were carried on while I was being served with coffee, cake and sweetmeats. I had no introduction to the family, and yet this is the unrestrained and hospitable manner in which a stranger is received by the Arab people of Algeria.

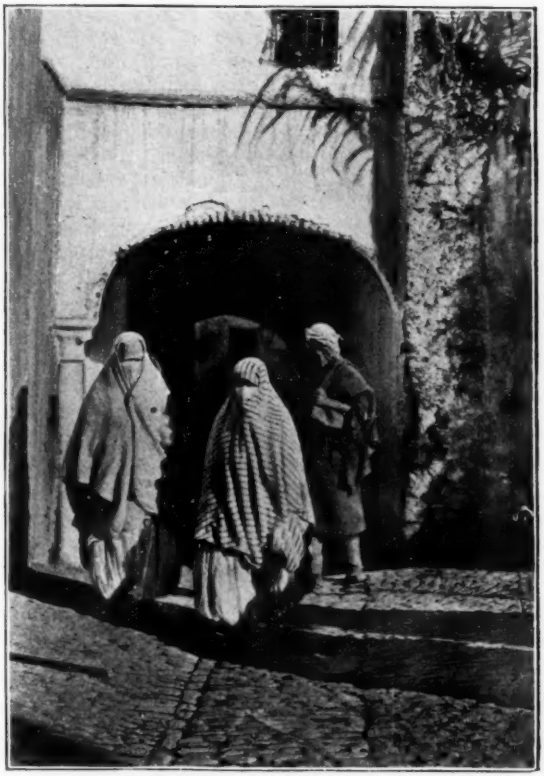
In one tribe in Algeria the women are endowed with the material property, and the descent is in the female line. The women are well-educated and learned, and though plurality of wives is admissible in law, the rule is one wife to one husband.

Let us now visit Egypt and India, and consider the status of woman in those countries.

In the streets of the principal cities of Egypt, the women wear a half European dress which consists of a long, gored garment worn over trousers; not white like that of the Arabess, but made of colored cotton. This cheap material has one advantage, that of never shrinking, and the first owner of such overskirt can confidently wear it without fear of longitudinal diminishment after innumerable baptisms

DANCING GIRL OF ALGERIA.

in the Nile or other lavatories. Egyptian women of the lower order for the most part go barefoot, like their children, in city, town or country. The little ones give little trouble, and as soon as they can take care of themselves are left to rear each other while the parents labor. The progeny of twenty mud-hut families physically develop muscular growth by scrambling up and down sand hills all day long. The climate is dry and fine, and the necessities of life are easily satisfied, which is fortunate for the children, as the male parent receives but four piastres a day for field work, and the female, who often labors with her infant riding on her shoulders and resting its head on hers, only two.



STREET DRESS OF COMMON CLASS.

The Khedevial ladies in their palaces are in want of nothing except the liberty to enjoy, though English nineteenth-century Christians are in full possession of the country.

In Alexandria there may be seen at an early hour in the morning from thirty to fifty native women carrying on great tin trenchers the quartered carcases of cattle from the slaughter-house (three miles distant) to the market, and for this laborious service their pay is fabulously small. Both men and women are of much darker complexion than those of Algeria or India, and do not bear the race stamp of a refined and cultured ancestry. No city have I ever seen so thronged with halt and lame and blind—women as well as men—begging, all begging and whining in the public streets. And this under English Government. Since the bombardment there is not a public library where one can borrow a book or write a letter.

On the bank of the Nile, half-way between Alexandria and Cairo, is situated the grandest of Egyptian harems where one day I presented myself, my washerwoman, who could speak French, being my escort and interpreter. In this harem there was only one wife, neither young nor beautiful, but so good, so loving and genial that her husband was fond and proud of her. After my peculiar introduction she received me twice a week, always placed me on a divan to rest, spreading over me a gorgeous covering, and when it was time for me to meet another pupil residing in the neighborhood, roused me from my pleasant

NEAR THE MILITARY ENCAMPMENT, ALGIERS.

slumber and refreshed me with steaming coffee and delicious fruit. In Egypt as in India, the meals are taken on the floor upon which one sits tailor-fashion—an attitude picturesque, perhaps, but very uncomfortable.

Each harem vies with the other in style and the inmates visit each other, all being in the same social scale. Work and games of various kinds occupy their time, while theatrical performances and exhibitions of dancing girls frequently serve to fill up the days, and boating on the Nile is a recreation much indulged in. The baths are great resorts both for diversion and business. There most marriages are planned, the mothers selecting suitable brides for their sons, and the fathers, in their turn, choose bridegrooms for their daughters, duly considering the physical perfections or defects of young aspirants to matrimony. It is inculcated by their religion that marriage is a duty, and as in France the parents decide the partners for their children. The high class Oriental husband never sees his intended unveiled until the nuptial knot is tied.

Mohammedan marriage is a simple ceremony requiring only a mutual promise in the presence of two witnesses. The occasion is celebrated by a feast, great or small according to the wealth of the bride's and bridegroom's families.

In Calcutta I witnessed a marriage procession at which the noise of drums, tambourines and native instruments of music was deafening. The attendant crowd was carrying furniture to the bride's new home, every article of which was supplied by the bridegroom. In all cases these marriage gifts become the wife's property absolutely whether divorced or not.

In the same land I also witnessed the manner in which burials are conducted. In our civilized countries we drape ourselves in black, follow to the grave the remains of the deceased with expressions of grief—sometimes assumed by those classed as his friends—and then hurry off to our usual occupations and routine of life. Nothing of the kind can be charged against the people of the land, I am writing about. The corpse, extended on

a draped plank, was covered with a bright red cloth. A band was playing not such a solemn dirge as the "Dead March from Saul," but a triumphal pean, and the mourners, I should say followers, were indulging in demonstrations of joy.

"How is it?" I exclaimed, "that so sad a ceremony as the burial of a human being should be made an occasion of rejoicing? Was the deceased a dreadful malefactor, or a scourge to his fellowmen?"

"Ah, no!" was the reply. "The cause of our rejoicing is the release of our friend's spirit from its earthly prison, and its flight to its heavenly home in Great Spirit's realm."

According to our views these humble philosophers are heathens. Will not the consciences of many who read these lines tell them that our mourning is but a mourning for our own loss, or a cloak donned for the occasion and cast off with indifference?

On an altar erected by these "heathens" outside of Calcutta, I once saw a sheep sacrificed, and when the ceremony was ended, moved away with a feeling of respect for the religious rite, for all the meat was given to the poor and needy, and many a half-starved woman and many a famished child had the wherewith to allay the pangs of hunger that day.

While in Calcutta I established a Hypnotic Institute, and among my patrons was a "Maharaga" chief who had an Italian wife. They with their two sons spent much of their time with me, and owing to the friendship of the lady I was enabled to realize much of the true inwardness and realities of harem life in that city. Taking into consideration the European marriage and divorce laws in their true light, and the excess of female over male population in old countries, the comparison of the condition of harem women with that of European women is in favor of the former.

Never can I forget the charm and simplicity of harem life, the unbounded hospitality and sweetness of the inmates. Petted and attended upon with indulgent care, as are the ladies of the harems, their lives afford a favorable contrast with the lives of even wealthy European wives who often have no more of the society of their husbands than those of the harem have.

It is stated by one authority that in India the males are more dependent on the females than the reverse although the husband is declared to be the master and teacher of the wife.

ALGERIAN WOMAN AND CHILD.

KABYLE WATER CARRIERS.

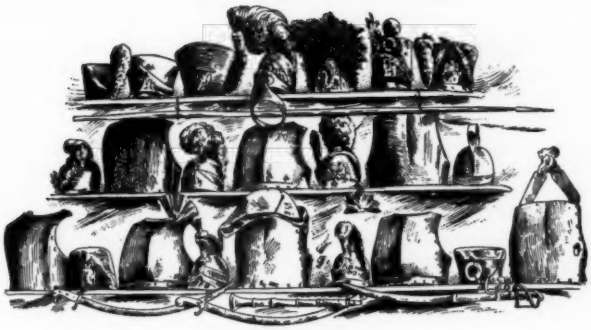
She, in turn, is pronounced to be the god and object of reverence, not only of the husband but of the whole family. "The whole question of right is thus presented in a nutshell. The relation of sex is physically, and therefore mentally and morally settled already by nature. Nature has sought only to write the positive and negative sides of her harmonious action into a complete whole. Love and all that belongs to the heart make up the woman, while physical strength and all that belongs to the head are embodied in the male."

Religion is philosophy in India and permeates and regulates all questions social and political. All the religions teach that the female is the light of the family, the fountain of love, joy and happiness, and inculcate the principle that "where females are worshipped and respected, all happiness attends; where they are ill-treated or despised, calamities are imminent."

ANTICIPATION.

BY DOROTHEA LUMMIS.

I only know that day is sweet—
  That vague dreams haunt the night—
That in a moment we shall meet—
  And life be turned to light.



WATERLOO RELICS.

NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY CHARLES EVERILL, F. R. G. S.

THE battle of Waterloo was undoubtedly the most important military event of this century. The very existence of nations depended upon the success of the allies, for had the Emperor Napoleon gained the victory, the entire destiny of Europe would have been changed, and the world of to-day would probably have had a very different history. But resulting as it did, all Europe rejoiced at the overthrow of Napoleon Bonaparte, and gladly welcomed the peace that followed his banishment to the island of St. Helena, and put an end to those long and disastrous wars by which all classes of society had suffered so severely. The history of the so-called Hundred Days is a very notable one.

Napoleon escaped from his small dominion of Elba on the 26th of February, 1815, landed on the coast of France on March 1st, and made his triumphal entry into Paris on March 20th without an arm being raised to oppose him, and without a shot being fired either upon himself or his followers.

Napoleon's first step on regaining the throne was to issue a proclamation declaring that his future policy would be strictly one of peace, and he at once attempted to open friendly communications with the other European nations. But the great powers declined to treat with him on any terms. They considered that the peace of Europe would never be secure while Napoleon reigned, and entered into an offensive and defensive alliance against him, with the avowed object of driving him from the throne of France. The continental powers had men enough under arms to render victory certain, but they lacked the necessary sinews of war, and could not put their armies in motion without money. In this crisis England came to the rescue, and negotiating a new loan, distributed no less than eleven million pounds sterling among the continental powers, of which Austria received £1,799,220; Prussia, £2,382,823; Russia, £3,241,919, while the remaining £3,579,036 was divided between Hanover, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and the smaller German States. The European Coalition was then in a position to bring at least 600,000 men against Napoleon, and the allied forces were at once put in motion. The Duke of Wellington and Field Marshal Prince Blücher commenced to concentrate their forces on the borders

of Belgium, and threatened the northern frontier of France, while the Austrians were massing their formidable columns on the eastern frontier, and a large army of Russian troops was already on the march to join in the invasion of France.

Napoleon foreseeing that the invasion of France was inevitable, and that he would shortly be encompassed on all sides by the overwhelming forces that were being mobilized against him, decided to take the initiative. His plan of action was to attack and defeat the English and Prussian armies in detail, before the great forces of Russia and Austria had time to concentrate, and co-operate with Wellington and Blücher. By this action he hoped to make Belgium the center of hostilities and thus prevent France becoming the theater of war. Napoleon had occupied himself between March and June in increasing and reconstructing his army. He had replenished an exhausted treasury, and also strengthened the fortifications of the principal cities; and by the 1st of June he had no less than 556,000 men under arms, of which 250,000 were fully equipped, the others being made up of national guards, pensioners, etc. The army of the north or grand army who fought the campaign of Waterloo, was composed of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th corps d'armée, the whole of the reserve cavalry and the Imperial Guard, numbering in all about 128,000 men, and constituted an army which military writers state to have been, both for its composition and its numbers, equal if not superior to any that the world had then seen. Napoleon left Paris at 3:30 A. M. on June 12th, and traveled with his usual celerity, to Beaumont, fifteen miles south of Charleroi, where he established his headquarters, and on the morning of the 14th put forth the celebrated order of the day:—

PRINCE ROLAND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"Soldiers!—This is the day—the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland—which twice decided the fate of Europe. Then, as after Austerlitz, as after Wagram, we were too generous. We believed in the protestations and oaths of princes whom we left on their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they aim at the independence, and the most sacred rights of France. They have commenced the most unjust of aggressions. Let us then march to meet them. Are they, and we no longer the same men?

"Soldiers!—At Jena, against these same Prussians who are now so arrogant, you were one to three, and at Montmirail one to six.

"Let those among you who have been captives to the English, describe the nature of their prison-ships, and the frightful miseries they endured.

"The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the confederations of the Rhine lament, that they are compelled to use their arms in the cause of princes—the enemies of justice, and of the rights of all nations. They know that this Coalition is insatiable. After having denounced twenty millions of Poles, one million of Sascons, and six millions of Belgians, it now wishes to devour the States of the second rank in Germany.

"Madmen! One moment of prosperity has bewildered them. The oppression, and the humiliation of the French people are beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their grave.

"Soldiers!—We have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter; but with firmness, victory will be ours. The rights, the honor and the happiness of the country will be recovered.

"To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment has now arrived to conquer or to die. NAPOLEON."

At daybreak on the morning of June 15th, the whole of the French army was in motion. The frontier was crossed, the Prussians were driven from Charleroi and Marchienne, and the short but decisive campaign of Waterloo had commenced. French, English and German accounts of the battles of Ligny, Quatrebras, all differ considerably and no two military writers seem to agree about the time the battle of Waterloo actually commenced, or in their estimate of the number of the forces engaged on either side, but undoubtedly the best and most reliable account is given in "The Campaign of Waterloo," recently written by John Codman Ropes.

The position, to the south of the villages of Mont St. Jean and Waterloo, known as the field of Waterloo, had been reconnoitred by the English engineers some time before the campaign opened, and the sketches of the different officers had been put together, and a plan of the position made. On the morning after Quatrebras, a copy of this plan and sketches were given by the Duke of Wellington to Quarter Master-Gen. Sir William de Lancey, chief of his staff, with orders to take up the ground that the battle was fought on next day.

The Duke of Wellington's army at Waterloo numbered 67,661 men, of which 12,408 were cavalry, 49,608

ARTHUR BRAND, A DESCENDANT OF WELLINGTON.

WELLINGTON.

infantry and 5,545 artillerymen with 156 guns, who were composed of different nationalities and were for the most part raw, inexperienced troops.

Nationality	Cavalry	Infantry	Artillery	Total
British	5,843	15,181	2,967	23,991
King's German Legion	1,997	3,301	526	5,824
Hanoverians..	497	10,258	465	11,220
Brunswickers .	866	4,586	510	5,962
Nassau troops.		2,880		2,880
Dutch Belgians	3,205	13,402	1,117	17,784
Grand total...	12.408	49,608	5,645	67,661

Napoleon had 71,947 men and 246 guns on the field of Waterloo, of which 15,767 were cavalry, 48,950 infantry, and 7,232 artillery. They were composed of the 1st, 2nd, and 6th corps. The heavy cavalry of Kellerman and Milhand, the light cavalry of the 3rd corps (Domon) with the cavalry corps of Pajol, and the grand Imperial Guard of 20,884 veteran soldiers. Unquestionably the *morale* of Napoleon's army was composed of well seasoned troops, all of whom were devoted to their Emperor, while great doubts existed of the loyalty even of some of the undisciplined levies of the continental allies. About 11:30 A. M. on the 18th of June 1815, Napoleon directed Reille's corps to attack Hougoumont, and the battle of Waterloo was commenced by a column of Prince Jerome's division advancing in skirmishing order. The engagement lasted until half past seven in the evening, when after the British had defeated the famous charge of the Imperial Guard. Tiethen's Prussian Corps reached Papelotte and at once attacking the French, completed the total rout of Napoleon's grand army.

After his defeat, Napoleon handed over the charge of the army to Marshal Soult, and hurried on to Paris, arriving there early in the morning of the 21st. But Napoleon's star had set forever; in the short space of nine days, his destiny had been accomplished, his armies no longed existed, and on the morning of June 22d the powerful Napoleon, the man who had risen from obscurity to become the creator of kings and the despotic ruler of millions, who had dismembered empires, and who for years had controlled the destines of Europe, abdicated the throne of France, and disappeared from history, to spend the remainder of his days on a solitary island in the middle of the South Atlantic Ocean.

In the course of the Waterloo campaign the British and Hanoverians lost no less than 11,114 killed and wounded and missing; the Dutch Belgians, 4,136, while the Prussian loss was still heavier and amounted to to 43,132 men.

The exact French loss has never been properly ascertained, by reason of the utter dissolution of their army, but it is generally estimated that 35,000 men fell at Waterloo alone. There can be no doubt that the Duke of Wellington fully deserved the honors and rewards that were literally showered upon him. There are very few men possessing the nerve and coolness of the celebrated "Iron Duke." His position was a most critical one. The army that he commanded was without doubt the poorest one that he had ever led; but his plans were so well laid that he always seemed prepared for anything. For instance, when the unexpected news of the defeat of the Prussians at Ligny was brought to Wellington soon after daybreak on the 17th of June, he was standing in front of the farm house at Quatrebras, and coolly turning to Capt. Bowles, with whom he had been conversing said, "Old Blücher has had a good licking, and gone back to Mavre, eighteen miles. As he has gone back, we must go too. I suppose in England they will say we have been licked. I can't help it; as they are gone back, we must go too." The Duke then made all the arrangements for retiring on Waterloo without moving from the spot on which he was standing, and it certainly did not occupy him five minutes. In spite of all criticism there can be no doubt that Wellington

GOLD CROSS BRUNSWICK LEGION OF HONOR.

exercised the greatest skill and judgment in selecting the ground at Waterloo, and in handling the troops at his disposal, The Earl of Ellesmere in writing a critical estimate of the battle says: "The Hanoverian contingent and the Dutch Belgians were very raw troops," and of the 30,000 British and King's own Legion that fought at Water loo, writes: "Of this very body which bore the brunt of the whole contest, it must be remembered that not above six or seven thousand had seen a shot fired before. For purposes of resistance the fact is unquestionable that these raw British battalions, were found as effective as the veterans of the Peninsula, but it would have been very hazardous to have attempted to manoeuver under fire with some of the very regiments which, while in position, never flinched from the cannonade or the cavalry charges through the live long day of Waterloo."

MEDAL OF PENINSULAR.

Wellington in his choice of ground and the disposition of his forces, knew the material he was working with, and rightly calculated on the endurance of that grand Anglo-Saxon race, whose enterprise and tenacity in America, Asia, Africa and Australia have made the English-speaking race the greatest the world has ever seen.

MAJOR VON STROMBECK'S MEDAL.

The Prussian army commanded by Prince Blücher in the Waterloo campaign numbered 124,000 men, 90,715 infantry, 11,879 cavalry and 11,879 artillery with 312 guns. These troops were mostly veterans, and the youngest soldiers had seen service in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814.

REVERSE SIDE BRUNSWICK LEGION OF HONOR MEDAL.

When the allied forces entered France, the Duke of Wellington circulated a proclamation to the effect that he entered France at the head of a victorious army, not as the enemy of the French people, but of the usurper Bonaparte, declared to be an enemy to the human race, with whom neither truce nor treaty could be maintained, and that life and property of all persons should be respected and all requisitions paid for, excepting only those who held correspondence with the usurper and his adherents. This policy was strictly adhered to by Wellington, and the strict discipline that he exacted from his troops, made the French people regard him as their best protector against violence from other quarters.

REVERSE PENINSULAR MEDAL.

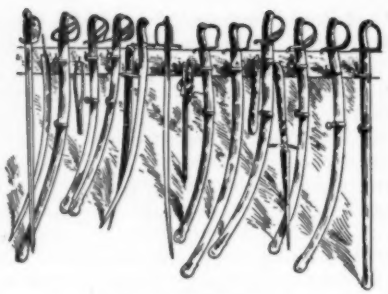
REVERSE SIDE MAJOR VON STROMBECK'S MEDAL.

Wellington had a very difficult part to play, after the military occupation of Paris, for his

colleague, Marshal Blücher, smarting under his frequent defeats by the French army, and keenly feeling the humiliation that Prussia had suffered at Napoleon's hands, totally disregarding the promises made by the allied Commissioners, when the capitulation was ratified, commenced to treat Paris as a conquered city. He commanded the municipal officers to furnish 100,000,000 francs for the payment of his soldiers, and at the same time set his pioneers to work upon the bridge of Jena, which he declared himself determined to blow up. He also made preparations for the destruction of the pillar of Austerlitz, and was only induced to forego his exactions by the admirable tact of the Duke of Wellington. Blücher's reply to Count Von der Gobz, the Prussian plenipotentiary, who entreated him to spare the bridge, was: "I have determined on blowing up the bridge, and I cannot conceal from your Excellency how much pleasure it would afford me if M. Prince Talleyrand would previously station himself upon it, and I beg that your Excellency will make my wishes known to him." The bridge of Jena was only saved from destruction by the Duke of Wellington placing a British sentry on the bridge; the presence of that single red coat proving more effectual than the combined remonstrances of the French Provisional Government and the ambassadors of the allies. Blücher (who, by the way, Napoleon generally alluded to as "that drunken Prussian hussar) appears to have had a considerable dash of the moss trooper in his composition. On his first visit to the city of London, it is said that he was so overcome at the numerous signs of its wealth and the tokens of prosperity of the inhabitants, that his first involuntary exclamation was—"Oh, mein Gott, mein Gott! vat a splandeed zeetie to zack." The military tactics used at Waterloo, or as the French term it, the battle of Mont St. Jean, were very different to the manœuvers that would be resorted to at the present day, under similar conditions. The days of cavalry, charging down upon squares of infantry, are past and gone. The favorite weapon of the British infantry, the good old "Brown Bess" musket is to be found only in museums. "Brown Bess" was considered a very effective weapon in her day, and for a long time all attempts to introduce improved rifles into the British army were strenuously opposed by the old school of officers who argued that "Brown Bess" had served them well in the Peninsula wars, and at Waterloo, and it would be safer to depend upon the old musket than any new-fangled weapon. One can very easily imagine how a regiment of soldiers, equipped with the old-fashioned muskets would fare against an equal number of troops provided with modern arms.

The improvements in all classes of artillery has also been very great since Waterloo was fought. There were no rifled cannon at that time, and those fearful engines of destruction, the machine and the quick-firing guns had never been heard of. Then a troop of horse-artillery was composed of five, six or nine-pounders, and one five and one-half inch howitzer, and a field brigade of five guns ranging from light six to twelve-pounders with one howitzer. The artillery corps were not even complete in themselves, for the guns and ammunition wagons were driven by a separate driver corps composed of subaltern, non-commissioned officers, artificers, horses and drivers. The French artillery was perhaps the finest in the world, for Napoleon attached great importance to that branch of the service, and the artillery played a very prominent part in all his tactics.

Many citizens of the United States are descendants of Waterloo men. The original autograph letter of the Duke of Wellington and the old commission which bears the signature of George III are in the possession of Mr. Arthur Brand, a native of this



WATERLOO SWORDS.

city, both of whose maternal great-grandfathers were officers under Wellington in the Waterloo campaign.

Mr. Brand's grandfather, Col. Von Strombeck, was the son of Major Von Strombeck who was killed at Quatrebras, and his grandmother was the daughter of Col. de Hertzberg, who commanded the Brunswick corps, after the death of the Duke of Brunswick who fell at Quatrebras.

Colonel, afterwards Sir Frederick August de Hertzberg K. C. B. received the order of the Bath for his services at Waterloo, and in 1830 as Lieut.-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Brunswick army, took a very conspicuous part in the rebellion at Brunswick in 1830.

The autograph letter reproduced is of peculiar interest not only from the fact that it is in Wellington's own handwriting, but that it was written from the Duke's headquarters at Nivelles, immediately after the battle, and appointed the recipient to an important command, It is a curious coincident that Mr. Brand is now a student in the law office of Col. John O'Byrne, whose grandfather, Frederick O'Byrne, was one of the leaders of the insurrections in Arklow and Wexford in '98, and who afterwards joined the French army and was captain in the 2nd Regiment of Clauset's brigade at Waterloo.

The letter from the Horse Guards to Lieut.-Col. F. de Hertzberg bears the the original signature of Frederick Duke of York, second son of George III, who was for many years Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

The battle of Waterloo restored peace to Europe which lasted for many years.

The London Gazette of June 21st, 1817, published a notice of the distribution of the Waterloo prize money, granted by the British Parliament to the army which served under the command of the Duke of Wellington in the battle of Waterloo and capture of Paris. In this distribution the Dutch, Belgic, Nassau, Hanoverian and Brunswick troops shared alike with the British soldiers.

The shares of each individual was proportioned in the following classes:

		s.	d.
The Commander-in-Chief's proportion was estimated at	£1,000	0	0
Class 1. General officers received	1,274	10	10¾
Class 2. Field officers and Colonels	433	2	4¼
Class 3. Captains	90	7	3¾
Class 4. Subalterns	34	14	9½
Class 5. Corporals, drummers and privates	2	11	4

The Duke of Wellington appears to have received the lion's share of this prize money, for his single portion amounted to about the same as that of all of the British non-commissioned officers and privates put together.

The English public came forward and with great liberality subscribed £518,288 in aid of the relations of the killed and wounded. This sum was also distributed not only to the parents, widows and orphans of the British,

WATERLOO RELICS.

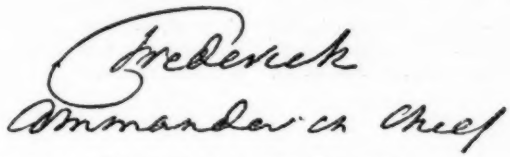
but of the Prussians, Brunswickers, Hanoverians and Netherlanders, who all shared in the appropriation of the Waterloo subscription fund.

Prince Roland Napoleon Bonaparte who visited the Pacific Coast last April, is the grandson of Prince Lucien, who was president of the historical "Conseil des Cinq Cents" on the 18 Brumaire. Prince Roland would have been the present head of the Bonaparte family, had not Prince Lucien been cut off the line of succession. Prince Roland was brought up a soldier, but was obliged to resign his commission in the French army when the law was passed in 1886, interdicting all military employment to the members of families that had ruled in France.

Prince Roland inherits the Republican feelings of his grandfather Lucien who was the only one of Napoleon's brothers who declined the royal crowns offered by the Emperor, and who always refused to derive any benefit from the Imperial gratitude.

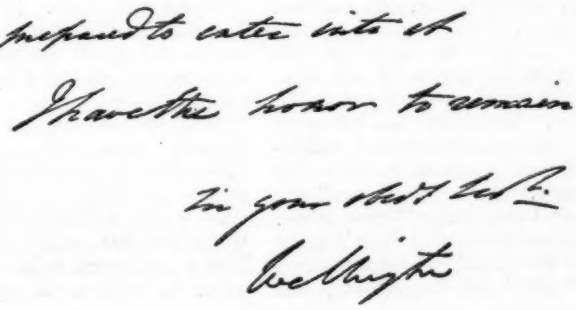
When Prince Roland's military career was so suddenly closed he devoted himself to scientific pursuits. He is known as a distinguished geographer, and has published many anthropological works.

The Bonaparte family has always had many vicissitudes. The late Emperor Napoleon III had a very varied career before he was elected President of the Second Republic, and after the fall of the Second Empire the family became so reduced in circumstances that the Princess Pierre Bonaparte opened a milliner's shop in London. Prince Roland was born at Paris on May 19th, 1858.



FAC SIMILE OF FREDERICK'S WRITING.

The great house of Rothschild became eminent in the financial world during the progress of Napoleon's continental wars through the successful operations of Nathan Rothschild, who came to England with a capital of £80, and commenced money dealing in Manchester. In 1803 he transferred his business to London, his original £80 having grown to no less than £200,000 during the five years he was in Manchester. Nathan Rothschild commenced speculating in the funds, and soon became the leading man at the Stock Exchange. His transactions were on a scale never



before attempted and were attended with the most brilliant results. He organized an intelligence system, and by means of trusty agents disseminated everywhere about the continent, who sent in their report by specially trained carrier pigeons. He frequently procured news a day or two in advance, not only of the government, but of Lloyd's, making him for the time being absolute master of the Stock Exchange. But his crowning feat was to put himself in possession of the earliest tidings of the Battle of Waterloo, of which he had been an eye witness, and from which he returned at great personal danger, crossing the Channel in very stormy weather, in an open boat. For upwards of twenty-four hours, Nathan Rothschild was the only man in England who knew whether Wellington or Napoleon had been victorious in the great combat fought near Mont St. Jean, and in those twenty-four hours, it is said, that Nathan Rothschild added a clean million pounds sterling to his fortune.

THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE PRESS.

BY JOHN P. IRISH.

THE newspaper of to-day differs in many important features from that of thirty years ago. Many causes are confluent in the change, but the element of cost is common to them all.

The telegraphic news service, by land and sea, requiring paid agents at points from which the centers of continents and the midst of oceans may be reached, is a purely modern feature not only costly in itself but compelling expenses before unknown in the production of newspapers. Telegraphic news costs millions of dollars in the aggregate, and scores of press associations are incorporated with salaried officiary, for the purpose of gathering, transmitting, editing and distributing it.

What has cost so much to get quickly loses its value, if not read quickly. News is the most perishable of property. To save it until it goes to market has made necessary the invasion of the composing room by mechanism; "stick and "rule" are passing, and automatic type-setting, by a machine to which "lean" copy is as good as "fat," which does not stop to "jeff" for the drinks, nor strike for longer pay on a shorter "string," is ousting the "chapel."

What electricity has flashed around the world and rapid stereotyping has put into line and column must not be hindered by a slow press. Therefore, we have the great machine which takes the continuous web of white paper from the spool, prints a complete paper, cuts, pastes, folds and counts the copies, ready for the lightning mail train that is to carry the news to hundreds of thousands.

The electric current flashes, steam shrieks, and cogs rattle down all the columns of the modern newspaper. Its production has become a complex industry, and upon it rests the curse of hurry and haste. It bears less and less the kindly impression of human hands and more the hard imprint of cold metal, the clatter of cam and ratchet.

With this change and its impinged financial needs, has passed away the disinterested newspaper. The sheet is now made only to sell and to produce profit to its owner. Our traditions survive amongst the people. There are some who think a newspaper is still a champion of great

causes, a disinterested organ of popular rights, and this remains true of the local country press to a great extent.

With the metropolitan press sentiment has ceased. The expression of news-gathering facilities has created a public demand for news that must be met whether the haps and mishaps amongst men keep up the supply or not. In commerce the increase of profit by adulteration, under weight, scant measure and other methods of lessening the buyer's value received, has been the odium of trade from the beginning, for did not the Greeks make Mercury the god of the thieves and the merchants?

In the newspaper, sophistication of news is resorted to, and this immorality leads a long procession of offenses against good taste, decency and the whole canon law of a clean civilization.

It is not necessary to file a bill of particulars in the case. The daily paper has become a daily exhibit of the ignoble doings of ignoble people. Its display of the unclean in life is excused upon the ground that people like to read the unclean, It is a favorite device for the offensive newsmonger to say that there are outlawed terms in the Bible, and that he will be as decent as that old Book. If his premise be granted his conclusion is deniable. Because the scant resources of a primitive language, or the unchastened fancy of a primitive people may have made their solemn writings need expurgation in translation, is no excuse for the flaunting of indecency in the midst of a different civilization and highly changed conditions. In morals we refuse to recognize David's disposition of Uriah as a valid excuse for quieting Uriah's modern analogue by giving him a place in the Mint.

It may not be denied that the unclean finds many readers, nor that their taste for feculence is cultivated by feeding it.

I suppose many who read this are familiar with the museum of morbid anatomy which is part of the equipment of a medical school. Fancy the effect upon the mind of spending a lifetime in such a place, surrounded by every grotesque distortion of which the human form is capable, and by every revolting imprint of accident, disease and distress that can be embossed on human flesh! This contact with the morbid in physiology, though serious in its results, is less so than daily familiarity with the abnormal in psychology. No wonder that a taste for the fetid and distorted in conduct gains such strength that a paper loses sales when it fails to bring to such a market the supply it craves.

Finally it comes to pass that misfortune and misconduct, human weakness and infirmity fail to yield a crop equal to the consumption, and at that point the press passes to forgery of filth, using all the arts of insinuation, inuendo and implication and invading every privacy of life into which it can pry. The characters of public men are regarded by it as wholly legitimate material for blackwashing, and by indiscriminate accusation the press has destroyed the force of even just criticism in such cases, for no thoughtful person takes any public man at the newspaper estimate.

When the press passes the point of the actual events that befoul human life, and enters upon this field of suspicion and invention, it is in the region of blackmail. Pressed on one side by the cost of production, faced by loss of readers if it become clean, finding a short crop of human weakness and infirmity, the maw of the cash drawer is filled by blackmail. Witness now how perfectly sensationalism has made blackmail a branch of the newspaper business. About a year ago a young woman jumped from a ferry boat to suicide in San Francisco bay. Upon investigation of the case by a reporter of a Pacific Coast daily, it was discovered that a young man in a suburban town was related in a blameworthy way to the affair. His mother has wealth and social position. That night she was waited on by a representative of the

paper whose reporter had made the discovery, with a demand for $5,000 as the price of suppressing her son's name. The offer was rejected, and within an hour the representative of a local daily called with a demand for $500, as the price of omitting scandalous mention of the young man in its account of the matter.

I need not add that next day both of these papers exposed the young fellow and preached loudly about the profligacy of the rich, roasting him to such a turn that the next rich mother will think $5,500 cheap for the rescue of her son from such a fate.

By these methods the newspaper,— I am not implicating journalism proper,— has become a semi-criminal vocation. People pay tribute to it for exemption just as the commerce of the Mediterranean used to pay the pirates of Tripoli. It pursues even the dead wantonly. Recently I read in the Populist press of the East terrible attacks upon men and affairs in California. As a share of the fanatical rot was flung at me personally, it interested me enough to induce an examination of that part that blackened others. Among them was a dead man the late Judge Sawyer, an eminent jurist who, in a normal community influenced by a wholesome public opinion, would have a place in the Patheon of the commonwealth. The accusation blackening to his memory was, that, dying in judicial office he left a fortune of half a million which he could have gained only by the shameful sale of justice, using the bench as a shambles. Moved by curiosity I traced this charge back to the San Francisco daily press, found it in all of the papers in connection with the offering of the dead jurist's will for probate, and reached its very origin at the reporter's table in Judge Coffey's Court, where one reporter said as the will was offered, "How much did old Sawyer leave? Let's say $300,000," and another, "No, make it $500,000," and so it went into the papers, before the will was probated or the estate appraised. When appraised it proved to be of no such value and to consist almost entirely of property acquired in practice anterior to his judicial career. The excuse given for maligning the dead was that in life he refused to be interviewed by the papers! Now this abuse of the dead, turned into an argument by the organs of a party, was made a reason for teaching the people to defy the Courts, and distrust the purity of that judical action upon which depends the safety of life and property. With this lie about the dead for material, frenzied appeals were made to "rise in their might and scourge," and otherwise destroy the existing order of things.

But it is not necessary to multiply instances. They are known to every active man. The fact that they are of common knowledge impresses the change that has taken place from the *profession* of journalism to the *business* of printing and publishing newspapers. It is a business pure and simple, and public opinion and the law must apply to it the same principles that are found necessary in the business of selling dry goods or any other commerical article.

Considered as a vocation, the production of a newspaper carries no right of invasion of the proper privacies of life, no immunity to attack a public character and smirch it by falsehood, no privilege to lie about the helpless dead to the shame of the living who mourn.

Let us suppose that a dry goods merchant should claim the right, because he is in business and many people resort to his store, to tell nasty gossip to his customers; to tell one woman tales that tarnish the chastity of her neighbor and to a man that which saps the credit of another. How long would such a business man escape either private or judicial vengeance, and who would dare even plead the truth of his tattle as justification? Why not apply the same rule to the business of making and selling a

paper? It is occasionally applied with a dagger or a derringer and the application is uniformly endorsed by public opinion through the medium of a petit jury.

Since the business of printing papers put the profession of journalism under its heel, every city is blotched and freckled with newspapers which subsist by beggary and blackmail to enrich some vulgar fellow who parades his picture as "a journalist."

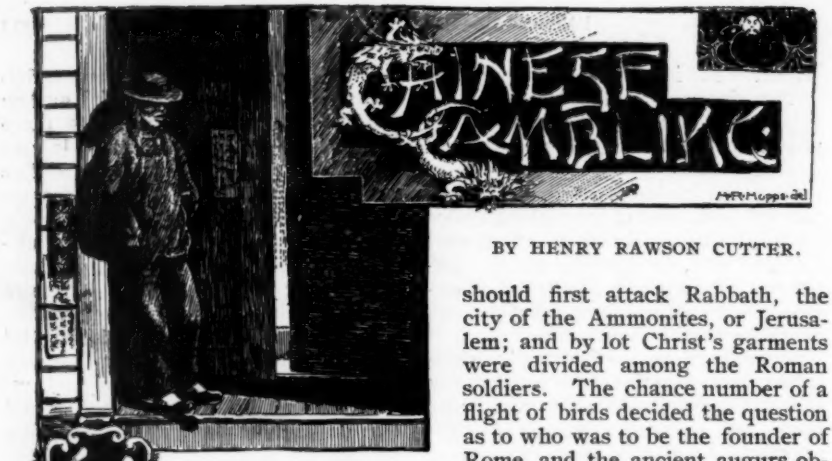
Journalism, as professionally established by Horace Greeley, Thurlow Weed, George D. Prentice, and their peers, was a distinct branch of literature and a valuable educating force. Its utterances has behind them a definite and respected personality and an individual responsibility. The place of those impressive characters is now taken by the swaggerer who defiles dead walls with claims of "the largest circulation," promotes subscriptions by lottery and invites public admiration of "scoops" consisting usually in cunning inventions or a bit more filth than rivals have dared offer.

Is it any wonder that thoughtful people are in disgust turning from the daily paper to the magazine and review, for reading matter that is not carrion and for news of something besides the ignoble?

FAIR HOPE EVER DISTANT FLIES.

BY ALFRED I. TOWNSEND.

Whither, from whence? The future, and the past!
We gaze from naught, to naught, and stand aghast!
Beyond the near confines on either hand—
The scene is blank! Irresolute we stand
And strive to paint the picture to the end—
Before the mists, the fatal mists, descend!
But all in vain; the prophet, sage, and seer,
Have each one left for us a message here
Which speaks of Hope; of expectation sweet;
But have you found the messages complete?
They breathe of naught but hope—that fickle dream
When fond illusions firm and stable seem—
Until they fade from view! I have pursued
Fair Hope, the evanescent, many hued,
And when at last she seemed within my arms—
The many hues were gone; the fancied charms
Were as a touch of sorrow—more than this—
I woke and saw before me an abyss
Whose awful depths were blackened by my fear,
And far across the chasm dread and drear,
Fair Hope, the ever distant, swiftly fled
And joined the Hope of others—and the dead.



BY HENRY RAWSON CUTTER.

NUMEROUS definitions of man have been supplied by eminent writers, distinguishing him by habits peculiar to himself from all other species of the animal kingdom. One author has defined him as "a cooking animal," another as "a spitting animal," and a third as "a laughing animal. We propose to add to the list of definitions by calling him "a gambling animal."

The propensity to gamble has prevailed in all known ages of the world and in all known races of mankind, and it is a curious fact that it owes its origin, at least in Europe and Asia, to religious ceremonies, derived from a faith in divine indications which left the decision of important matters to chance, fortuitous results being regarded in ancient times as the expression of the will of the deity.

In the archaic records of Asiatic monarchies; in the biblical annals of the Hebrew theocrasy; in the Homeric accounts of events that occurred at the siege of Troy; and in the history of ancient Rome we find the same prevailing practice of invoking an appeal to the deity by casting lots and by other such moves of learning his will. By lot nine and a half tribes of Israel obtained their respective possessions in the land of Canaan; by lot Nebuchadnezzar decided whether he should first attack Rabbath, the city of the Ammonites, or Jerusalem; and by lot Christ's garments were divided among the Roman soldiers. The chance number of a flight of birds decided the question as to who was to be the founder of Rome, and the ancient augurs obtained their devinations from instructions derived from the dictates of chance. The mightiest monarchs of antiquity had recourse to this method of decision for the guidance of their action, and the vicissitudes of a nation's existence not infrequently depended upon the controlling influence exercised by it over the movements of great military leaders.

The element of chance being thus constituted the arbiter in all important questions in the management of religious, civil and military affairs on all occasions of uncertainty during the lapse of ages, this solemn mode of appealing to the deity was gradually extended in scope and finally degenerated into gambling. The religious element, however, long kept its grasp on the mind, and the ancient gambler would mutter a prayer as he shook the dice-box. In process of time the habit became general and a religious ceremony became the parent of a wide-prevailing vice, pregnant with evil. The Roman legislators at an early date recognized the pernicious effect of gambling, and it was prohibited by law both during the Republic and during the Emperors. This brief outline of the origin of gaming is sufficient to explain the reason of its widely prevailing existence.

Although the love of gambling was thus implanted in most races of man-

kind, the curse it entails by unlimited indulgence in it is so pestilential that in all civilized communities it has been curbed and kept within bounds by legislation. Chinese civilization, however, has not yet arrived at that stage of advancement, and gambling in China is a veritable epidemic. It is true that the Government long ago made an effort to suppress it, but so universal is the vice that laws and enactments proved ineffective, and the legislators fell back upon the profitable compromise of issuing licenses to keepers of gambling establishments. All that was accomplished by this policy was an increase of revenue; it had little or no effect in limiting the evil, for so far as the prohibitory sections of the gambling laws go, discriminating in favor of the licensed hells, they may be regarded as dead letters.

After the Chinese began to arrive on this coast it was not long before the professional gambler made his appearance, and as their numbers increased, Chinatown in this city became a nest for gambling dens and lottery companies. Prone as man is to evil, the haunts naturally allured numbers of the white population of San Francisco, the lotteries especially being a very loadstone of attraction. Clerks and employees spent their earnings in tickets, the youth of the city began to be corrupted with the deleterious leaven, and even women gambled extensively in the Chinese lotteries. What increased the temptation and consequent ruinous effect of these institutions was the frequency of the drawings and the enormous possible prizes. Every-day drawings took place in half a dozen different back rooms in the rear of shops opening on to the streets; and as it was possible to gain in a few hours from two hundred to four thousand dollars on a dollar stake, the inducement was overpowering. There was no waiting anxiously for weeks for the issuance of the prize list; you could stake your money in the morning and know what your luck had been in the afternoon. This diurnal drawing places Chinese lotteries almost in the same class of gambling games as faro, rouge et noir, etc. It only takes a little longer time for the player to drop his capital or make a coup.

Another reason for the patronage extended by white gamblers to the Chinese lottery companies was the invariable punctuality with which payment was made upon winning tickets no matter how large the amount. Moreover, the system precluded the possibility of forged tickets being passed upon a player, it being quite different to that on which the lotteries of white races are conducted, which admit of rascals disposing of fraudulent imitations of the genuine tickets to purchasers. These several inducements to uninterrupted gambling led to the invariable result. Cases of defaulting employees occurred, and around homes that otherwise would have been prosperous and happy, the specters of poverty and want hovered. Wives gambled unknown to their husbands, and husbands failed to bring home with punctuality their weekly earnings. Had it not been for the vigorous action of the police, the evil would have assumed gigantic dimensions and reduced to misery a large portion of the working population. But a vigorous war was waged against the Chinese gambling institutions, and though it seems impossible to suppress the vice entirely, it has at the present time been reduced to a minimum.

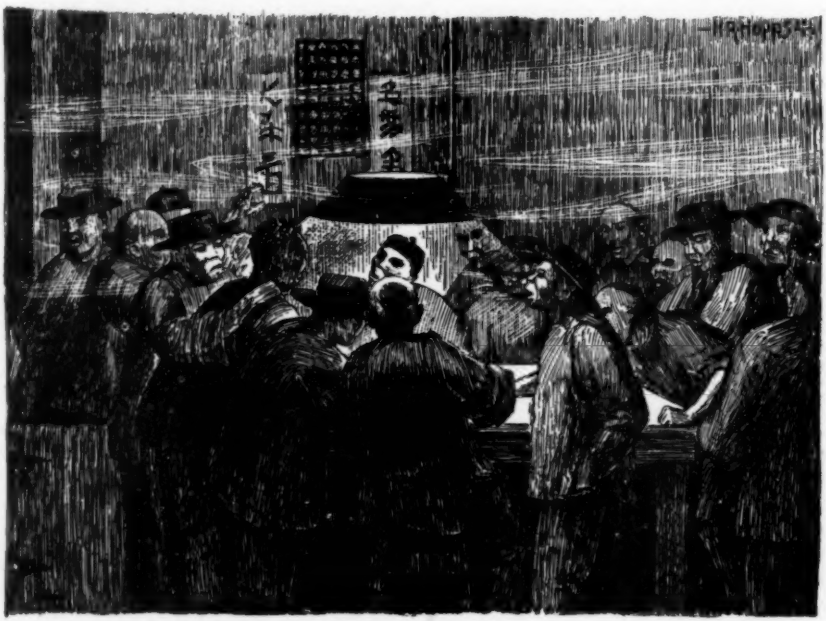
At these gambling dens the one great game that is played is Fan Tan, or the Tan game as it is called by the whites. What rouge et noir is in the salons at Monte Carlo and Monaco, such is fan tan in the Chinese hells. The following is the mode of play.

It is really a simple matter, consisting in backing one number out of four, but the way in which the game is managed seems to preclude all possibility of cheating, and the player seated at the fan tan table has only to

contend with luck, which gives him a better chance than the professional faro dealer allows him. The paraphernalia of this favorite game of the Chinese consists of a square slab of metal, generally pewter; a heap of Chinese *cash*; a cup or small bowl; a money tray, a packet of cards or narrow slips of different colored cardboard, and an implement which we will call a chopstick.

On the sides of the metal slab which is about a foot square, and for which paste-board is often substituted, are marked the numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4. One of these numbers the player backs to win against the other three, placing his stake on the side of his numerical choice. The banker having taken his seat, with his money tray before him, on one side of the table and opposite the square slab, which is placed in the center, his confederate, or partner, seats himself at one end of the ends of the table with the heap of *cash*, or some substitute therefor, in front of him, the players standing or sitting around.

Before the stakes are put up, the confederate takes from the heap of *cash* before him a large handful of the tokens or counters and without counting them places them under the cup; when all the bets are made he lifts this up and proceeds to count them off by four at a time with the chopstick. The number left at last decides the winning number of the fan tan slab. Thus if one count is left over, No. 1 wins; if two, No. 2; if three, No 3; and if four remains at last, No. 4 wins. The betters on the winning number receive three times their stake less a certain percentage deducted in favor of the banker. So far as gambling games go the management of it is perfectly fair, the counter of the tokens not being allowed to touch them with his fingers, each bunch of four being sep-



CHINESE GAMBLERS.

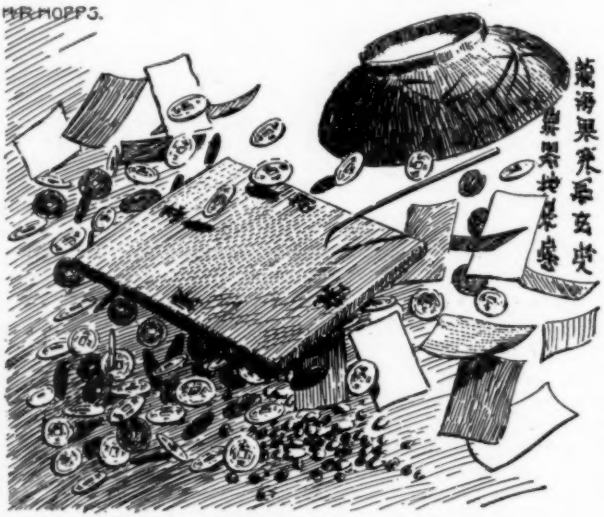
arated from the heap by the chopstick. The proceeds, however, derived from the losers' and the precentage deducted from the winners' gains make fan tan a profitable game for the banker. When a large number are engaged in the game, each receives one of the colored slips of card-board on which he places his stake, thus enabling the banker to distinguish the betters, and prevent disputes and attempts at misappropriation.

The Chinese system of lottery is unique, and there are some interesting particulars with regard to the name and the ticket used. By reference to the illustrations the reader will perceive that the tickets bear eighty Chinese characters, no two of which are alike. These characters are the reprint of ten lines of a celebrated Chinese poem, each line consisting of eight words. See Tsz King is the name of the poem which is a marvelous production. It consists of one thousand lines in which no word is ever repeated. There is no other book of the kind in China, and it would not be rash to assert that no other such could be found in the world. To weave eight thousand words into a poem is an achievement which only the the Chinese language admits of a poet performing.

Another curious thing is the origin of the Chinese name for lottery which is *pak op pen*, meaning *pigeon document*. In very ancient times the practice of employing carrier-pigeons as postmen prevailed in China. The message was written on a slip of paper of the finest tissue, and the letter, being then rolled tightly up, inserted into the quill of one of the bird's pinion feathers which was carefully opened for its reception. A note thus conveyed by a pigeon was called *pak op pen;* pak op meaning pigeon, and pen, document. In the earliest attempts on the part of the Chinese Government to suppress gambling in lottery ventures, an infractor of the law promulgated with that object, on being arrested, swore in court that the tickets produced in evidence against him were only "pigeon documents," and from that incident the lottery game derived its present name. Let us now see how the Chinese lottery is conducted.

As before mentioned the tickets contain eighty different characters. A sufficient number of them are printed off for each drawing, possibly for several drawings, all of which are exactly similar. The player having found his way into the office of the lottery keeper, having taken due caution to avoid the observation of the watchful police, he is provided with a ticket on which he is allowed to mark off ten of the characters after having deposited his stake, the lottery keeper taking a duplicate of the same. The characters thus marked are designated as *spots*. At the drawing the keeper of the lottery marks off on one of the tickets, by a process that will be afterward explained, twenty such spots. When the lottery is closed, if five spots of the player's ticket correspond with five of the lottery keeper's tickets, he wins the amount of his stake; if none, or less than five, correspond he loses. If, however, six of his spots correspond with six of the banker's he wins ten times his stake. Seven corresponding spots gain for him two hundred times his stake; and eight, nine and ten corresponding spots secure for him respectively, one thousand, two thousand and four thousand times the amount of his put-up. Though, of course, the chances against the player of winning even the amount of money which he stakes are enormous, their true negative value is a hidden quantity to the uncalculating public, while the seductive attraction of the large sums that may be won *with luck*, is irresistible to a large number of people. Were it not for the activity of the police in ferreting out the secret quarters of these lottery men, a very considerable portion of the working and other classes of San Francisco would be involved in ruin and reduced to abject poverty.

The way in which the lottery dealer marks off the twenty spots on the ticket which regulates the winnings is as follows: He cuts out all the eighty characters of one of the tickets and rolls them up into little balls or pellets. These are well mixed up in a cup and then twenty of them are drawn out and laid aside; the heap is then mixed up again and another twenty withdrawn, the remaining forty being mixed up and divided. The keeper of the lottery has thus four heaps of characters, twenty in each.



CHIPS AND COIN.

Each of these heaps is in turn well mixed up and five of the little balls are withdrawn from it, so that there are twenty in all when the drawing is finished. The characters which these twenty pellets bear are those which are marked off on the lottery man's ticket and constitute the game. When the player returns after this ticket is issued, the hour of which he is informed of, it is shown to him and he compares the spots on his own ticket with those which it bears. It is well known that rich Chinamen are at the back of these lotteries, and there is never any doubt as to the payment of prizes.

There seems to be in this system of lottery no possibility of cheating if the drawing of the characters that decide which are the winning spots could be conducted in public. But the secrecy with which these lotteries have to be managed on account of their illegality renders a numerous attendance on the occasion impossible. The probability is that only a few Chinamen witness the drawings and these very ready to be silenced for a *consideration*. As the ticket seller keeps a duplicate of every ticket sold, it would be possible by the aid of rapid calculators and a system of tables, so to select the spots on his own tickets as to reduce his payments out to the minimum. The writer is unable to state whether this is the case or not; the reader must draw his own conclusion on this question. Bret Harte would probably decide in the affirmative, maintaining as he does

> "That for ways that are dark
> And tricks that are vain
> The heathen Chinee is peculiar."

Owing to the frequent raids made by the police authorities on the Chinese gambling dens, it is difficult to obtain information from the Mongolians themselves; it was only through the courtesy of Detective Cox, who obligingly rendered the writer every assistance in his power, that the above details were obtained and a photograph of a fan tan game secured. Since the Supreme Court of the United States declared the Geary Act constitutional the Chinese have drawn themselves into their shells, are reticent to the last degree, and close their doors to the photographer. They are particularly careful to avoid exposing their countenances to the camera, as will be observed in the illustration; sun-pictures of Chinamen and their surrounding are now obtained with difficulty.

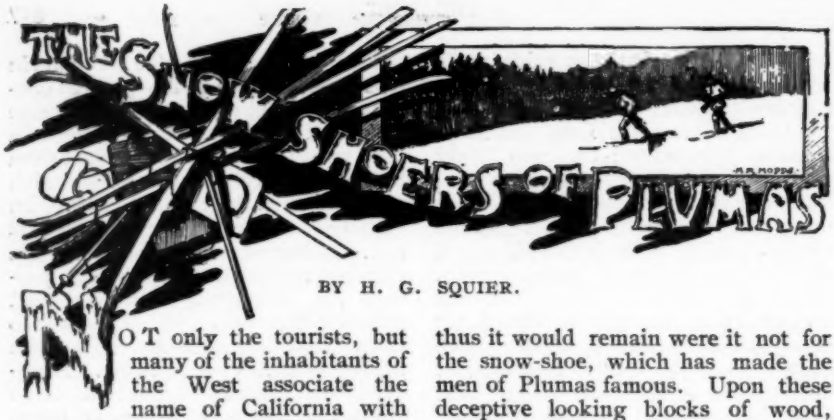
Comparatively few white gamblers frequent, or ever did frequent, the fan tan gambling dens. To take part in that game requires the players continued presence at the table for some length of time, and the danger of a visit from the police deters men from indulging in a legal proceeding which necessitates a lengthened stay. In visiting the lottery places less risk is run. A few minutes are all that are required to enable the player to procure his ticket, pay his coin, and mark off the spot, and still fewer to learn what his luck has been when the drawing has been made. Moreover, the lotteries attract a large number of people who cannot afford the time to play long games—clerks and employees of every class, mechanics and workmen, who are occupied in their respective vocations during the day. Thus it is that the Chinese lotteries have always drawn more victims into their meshes than fan tan.

CHINESE LOTTERY TICKET.

THE POET.

BY FREDERIC F. SHERMAN.

A wizard soul, he calls down the sky
Fantastic shapes of light,
Or, forth from hidden caves where shadows be
Strange fancies of the night.



BY H. G. SQUIER.

NOT only the tourists, but many of the inhabitants of the West associate the name of California with sunny skies and ever-blooming flowers. Yet from its eastern to its western limits; from its vineyards and orange groves of the south to its snow-laden pines of the Sierras, we find every variety of climate. While the people of Central and Southern California are enjoying the delightful days of winter, dwellers in other sections of the State are endeavoring to ward off the snow. Within an area of some thirty miles square in Sierra and Plumas Counties, lies a section of country that in regard to rigor of climate and severity of snow storms will compare with almost any of our Northern climes. Here nestled beneath the snow-crested peaks of the Sierra are many little mining towns inhabitated by a class of people peculiar to that section. Warm-hearted hospitable and charitable, they are always ready to assist less fortunate fellow beings. As a class they are industrious, happy and contented, and under no ordinary circumstances would they be willing to exchange their mines and houses so picturesquely situated in the shadow of the surrouning peaks, for a good bearing orchard in the valley land. During the months of September and October, like the squirrels, the people of Plumas begin to lay in their stock of supplies for the winter.

A short time after the snow begins to fall all communication with the outer world is completely cut off, and thus it would remain were it not for the snow-shoe, which has made the men of Plumas famous. Upon these deceptive looking blocks of wood, men, women and even little children skim over the glistening surface with marvelous ease and speed. The shoes are made with great care and many men have become famous because of their ability to make fine snow-shoes. Such a one is Mr. John Madden of Gibsonville, Sierra County, whose shoes are famous far and near for their beautiful shape and speed. He has done much toward bringing the snow-shoe to its present point of perfection. The snow-shoes of Plumas are modifications of the Norwegian "ski" and are from eight to twelve feet in length, varying in width to suit the rider's foot. In thickness they are from an inch and a half thick under the foot to one quarter of an inch at the toe, or forward end, and three-quarters of an inch at the heel.

The forward end is slightly bent upward, so as to slide smoothly over any little rise or knoll in the track. The bottom is carefully planed and highly polished, having a long tapering groove running its entire length. This groove is an equal distance from each edge of the bottom, one and a half inches in width, one-half inch in depth at the heel and gradually tapers toward the toe. Its object is to cause the shoes to take a straight course and not slide from side to side. In manufacturing the higher grades of snow-shoes, great care is taken in order that this groove may be perfectly straight and not vary the least particle

in its gradual taper. The upper portion of the shoe is given a coat of shellac or paint and varnish. The bottom, besides being highly polished, is made still more glossy by burning into it tar, pitch and beeswax. Not satisfied with this, the snow-shoeers make a mixture or compound called "dope," which they rub over this last coat in order to make the shoe glide along more smoothly. "Dope" is regarded as the main thing in a test of speed, and many snow-shoers are famous for the wondrous "dope' they have made. The principal ingredient used is spermaceti, but almost everything found in country drug stores has, at some time or another been experimented with. "Dope," that is good for *dry* snow will generally cause *wet* snow to adhere to the bottoms of the shoes.

To assist the snow-shoer in keeping his balance and in climbing steep hills, he carries a pole, or as the Norwegians call it a "stav," which is about one and one-half inches in diameter and six feet in length, with a button about four inches in diameter attached some three or four inches from the lower end. This button prevents the pole from going into the snow for any great distance, thus acting as a propeller when braced against.

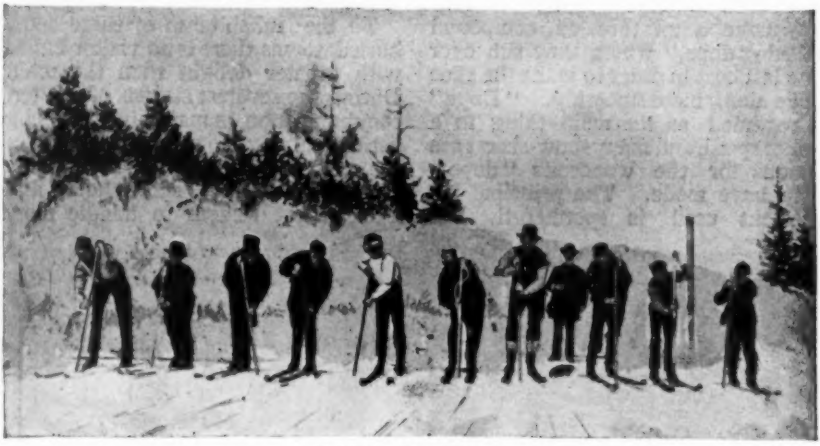
Snow-shoers usually carry a pair of snow-shoe moccasins—two long narrow bags or sacks that are made so as to just fit over the rear half of the shoes and tie at the strap. These moccasins prevent the snow-shoes from slipping backward while climbing a steep hill.

To the inhabitants of these snow buried towns there is no visitor hailed with greater delight than the mail. During the severest storms of winter, communication is maintained for long periods only by snow-shoers, who carry the mail upon their backs. They are always expert snow-shoers and attempt but seldom to handle more than the letter mail, leaving the papers and bundles to be brought in upon sleighs later on. It often happens that no man, no matter how strong he may be, can face the storm and carry to the people of the next town their mail. As soon as the weather clears up, parties of volunteers start out and "trail" is broken through. At each turn, where a tree may be conveniently situated, they nail a piece of board or shingle in order to indicate the exact location of the road. In summer when all the snow has disappeared, these guide-boards act as reminders of the great depth of the winter's snow.

Later in the season, after the snow has become firm, trained horses are

GIBSONVILLE, SIERRA COUNTY, UNDER THIRTY FEET OF SNOW.

brought into use and anxious miners are given their first view of the newspapers, possibly three or four weeks old. If there is one place in the world where every word of the newspaper, even to the advertisements, is read, it is in one of these mining towns during the heavy storms of winter. A horse in order to be of any use in carrying the mail over the mountain ridges must, like his driver, be an expert snow-shoer. The shoes worn by the horses consist of large plates of iron or steel some eight or ten inches square, and one fourth of an inch in thickness. They are covered on the lower side with a piece of heavy rubber belting in order to render the horse less liable to cut his legs when floundering around in the snow. Two holes about one half an inch by one inch square, and three inches apart are cut into the iron plate through which the heel calks of the regular horseshoe are placed. This is done to steady the foot and to allow the shoe to be more securely fastened to the horse's hoof. Two narrow strips of Norway iron, hinged at one end to the top of the snow-shoe are brought together over the front of the hoof and firmly fastened to the foot by means of an adjustable screw-bolt and nut. Upon the bottom of the shoe, a large sized, but thin, horse shoe with sharp calks is fastened. This insures the horse a safe footing and keeps him from slipping and sliding. He soons obtains confidence. A span of horses thus equipped can draw a heavy load with comparative ease.



START OF THE RACERS.

It is not every horse that becomes a skilled snow-shoer. Some master it readily, while others seem to be utterly incapable of handling the ungainly appendages. A horse must have more than an ordinary amount of intelligence, with an even disposition, as it often happens that the lives of both driver and passengers are saved through the intelligence and experience of one of these animals. To the uninitiated it is a novel sight to see four horses hitched to a sleigh with these cumbersome looking snow-shoes attached to their already iron-shod hoofs. Each animal appears to be perfectly at ease, and rarely strikes one foot against the other. He invariably manages to lift the forward snow-shoe out of the way just in time to let the rear one take its place. Thus encumbered, they can average about three miles an hour.

Most of the horses used for this purpose are the little Mexican mustangs,

ranging in weight from eight to nine hundred or a thousand pounds each, and are very hardy animals. Their value is enhanced by their ability to travel on snow-shoes. One old stage horse, known as "Snow-shoe Sally," will long be remembered, not only by her driver and owner, but also by every man, woman and child along the route which she had so often traveled. Tradition has it that she is the first horse that ever used snow-shoes successfully in that part of the country.

Many of the little mining towns are composed of houses that are completely covered in during the storms of winter. Each house is built with a steep and very sharp gable roof, made thus in order to facilitate the sliding of the snow. Late in the season when the snow attains a depth of eighteen to twenty feet, the eaves of the houses become entirely submerged and the householder must oftentimes venture forth in the storm in order to shovel off a part of the snow and thus prevent his roof from being crushed by the heavy weight upon it.

Gibsonville, in the northern part of Sierra County, is in about the center of California's heaviest snow-belt. It is common to find snow here from *fifteen* to *thirty* feet in depth, during the months of February and March. Often the houses are entirely obscured from sight, and when riding along the show-shoer will suddenly come upon a narrow tunnel, or passage-way, leading down into the ground like the burrow of a gigantic owl. Close investigation will show it to be a snow channel or trail sloping downward into some miner's home. The writer remembers one experience of this kind. I rode snow-shoes over the passage-way leading down into a neighbor's house and, desiring to ask a friend who lived there to go with me for a ride, I jumped off my shoes into the trail. My feet went out from under me, and I went rushing down a distance of some fifteen feet, crashing against the door, which gave way, and I landed in the hall-way, unannounced except by the avalanche that accompained me.

A PLUMAS COUNTY FOUR-IN-HAND.

The heaviest fall of snow experienced for years in Plumas was in the

winter of 1889 and '90. In Quincy, Plumas County, where snow rarely ever falls to a greater depth than three feet, it piled up that winter until it measured nine and ten feet on the level.

Eureka Mills, a mining town of considerable importance, about thirty miles from Quincy, the county seat, was completely buried during a greater part of that long-to-be-remembered winter. The miners were obliged, in some instances, to splice their chimneys in order to get them above the level of the snow. The attic windows were the most available means of entrance, and even these had to be reached through a long sloping passage-way. Inside the rooms had to be lighted by day as well as by night. The great deposit of snow caused the miners but little inconvenience, since they were all employed in the mine underground and went to and from their work on snow-shoes.

MAIL CARRIER ON SNOW-SHOES.

They experienced one novel difficulty, however. Many of them lived by themselves in little low cabins and, on leaving home in the morning, they would attach a pole to the chimney. To this they would tie a rag or a tag, in order that they might have no trouble in finding their own home on returning from work. They were away about ten hours of the day and, after a heavy fall of snow, they would return to find that in many cases the terrible storm of that high altitude had either blown off the tag or had completely obliterated all trace of anything by which they would find their houses.

Many are the sufferings and hardships endured by him who braves the rigor of a winter in the Sierras. At times, the settlers who live in the deep cañons or ravines become alarmed, fearing that an avalanche, or as they term it a "snow slide," will come down the sides of the surround-

ing ridges and bury them alive beneath its icy covering. If it is not already too late, they get out their snow-shoes and journey to the nearest town or domicile there to wait until the snow has ceased falling and has settled so as not to be dangerous. The most appalling accident of this kind that has occurred in recent years was at Sierra City, Sierra County. The snow rushed down from the mountain-side in one immense body and carried away a portion of the town and buried a number of its inhabitants.

The inhabitants of these snow-encircled towns live together like members of one large family, thus enjoying the association and counsel of one another, and during the long winter evenings, gather together at some neighbor's house, each one bearing his or her offering toward the banquet that will surely follow. Thus equipped, with a band of musicians, consisting generally of a violinist and a banjo player, at their head, they go forth to take possession of the house and home of some unsuspecting neighbor, where they remain until the small hours of the morning, enjoying themselves in dancing, games and social intercourse. The winter is a round of parties and balls and smaller festivities.

The popular amusement is snow-shoe racing. The people of one of the towns club together and contribute three or four hundred dollars to be divided into purses of from fifty to one hundred dollars each. These are given to the snow-shoer who succeeds in making the greatest speed over a certain chosen course.

Great is the excitement when there appears upon the bulletin board at the post office the notice announcing the event. It is generally couched in the following terms:

"DOPE IS KING! DOPE IS KING!

SNOW-SHOE RACING AT THE LA PORTE RACE TRACK

ON

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 3d, 4th and 5th, 1894.

$300.00 IN PURSES!

First Day.

First purse,	$50.00
Entrance fee,	2.00
Second purse,	Entrance money

Winner of first purse debarred.

Second Day.

First Purse,	$50.00
Entrance fee,	2.00
Second purse,	Entrance fee

Winner of first prize debarred.

Third Day.

First purse,	$200.00
Entrance fee,	2.00
Second purse,	Entrance fee

Winner of first purse debarred.

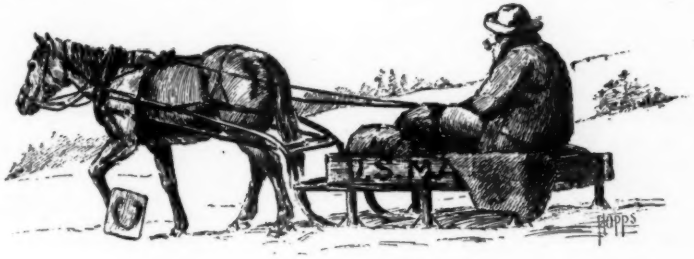
Third purse,	Championship Belt

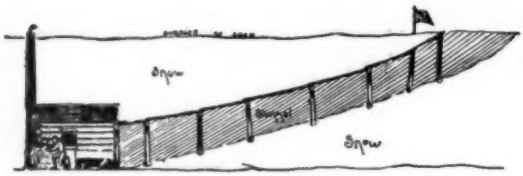
Each day's races to be followed by a Grand Ball at C——'s Hotel.

Signed,

_____
_____ } Com."
_____

Every one who can ride now begins to practice, and continues to do so until the day arrives. Every kind of a drug in the drug store is given a trial, and every kind of a mixture imaginable is made in order to find out some compound that will make fast "dope." There is a well-organized





A PLUMAS HOME IN WINTER SHOWING THE TUNNEL.

snow-shoe club in most of the towns and it is generally in charge of some old settler who has a good-sized bag of different kinds of "dope" that he has made from time to time, the ingredients and the proportions in which they are mixed being known only to himself. The riders drill and practice every day and when the long-looked for day of the races arrives, some five or six of the best riders are chosen to represent the club in the contest for the prizes. The winner generally divides equally among other members of the club. Each person has a peculiar pride in the riders from his respective communities. Many names are remembered by the inhabitants to-day only because of their exploits upon the snow-shoe race course. As long as there is a man living in Sierra County the traveler will hear of the wonderful rides of "Yank" Brown, Charley Littick, Tommy Todd, John Hillman, Jake Gould, Mattie Judge and many others.

The snow-shoes made for racing purposes are from twelve to thirteen feet in length and about four a half inches in width. Like a race-horse, their value depends on the number of races they have won. In each town there are one or more old pairs laid aside waiting for the next year's races.

The course is generally about 2,000 feet in length, and is exceedingly steep for the first twelve or fifteen hundred feet, ending in a long, gradual slope.

There cannot possibly be a more exciting contest. Here, instead of depending upon the efforts of some dumb animal, you are watching the efforts of some intelligent human being in his attempt to gain supremacy. From good authority we know that they have attained a speed of over 200 feet a second. This is not at the rate of more than a mile a minute. Upon reaching the bottom of the declivity, the riders often report that they have not had time to breathe between the start and finish. They are started off by the tap of a drum and are privileged to use their pole or "stav," as much as they may wish in order to accelerate their speed. As a rule, they stand braced with the pole ahead of them and between their shoes. When the signal is given, they raise themselves by means of the pole and give one grand shove. Some strike the pole to the snow five or six times, before they assume the proper position which is by stooping as low as they can, with the pole held out directly in front, thus acting as a wedge to cut the air apart. When they reach the bottom the winner is carried upon the shoulders of his admirers, and a general feasting ensues. Such is winter in Plumas, but in summer all this is changed. The climate now is very delightful. With its cool gushing springs and beautiful lakes, Plumas is the sportsman's ideal home.

PLUMAS HOUSE, QUINCY.

SOME FOREIGNERS AT SUNSET CITY.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

NOTHING is more indicative of the progress of modern civilization, or more assuring of its future expansion, than the unprecedented concourse of foreigners at the World's Fair last year. Civilized and semi-civilized nations, barbaric and semi-barbaric tribes, were there represented, not only by their arts and industries, but by personal attendance at the great celebration. From remote islands in the vast Pacific Ocean, from the center of the Dark Continent, from Asiatic lands into which the white man's entrance is barred visitors were led to the White City by the far-reaching hand of civilization or followed its beckonings thitherward. And all these representatives of wild and untutored types of mankind will take back with them the leaven of civilization and prepare the way for progress.

A fair proportion of the most interesting ethnological attractions at the Chicago Fair are present at the Exposition in Golden Gate Park, and the people of the Pacific Coast have an opportunity of beholding living representatives of strange peoples in their native costumes, and of taking object lessons as regards their different customs, habits and natural surroundings. The Chinese village, the Hawaiian Cyclorama, the Turkish Theatre, the Japanese Village and the Moorish Maze are all attractive and instructive but none of them more so than the streets of Old Cairo with its rambling lot of low, quaint buildings, from the fact that there so many nationalities are represented. To that ancient city on the Nile the Arab and the Soudanese guide their camels across the desert; thither sail on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the Moor, the Algerian and the Turk. Inhabitants of the sacred cities of Medina and Mecca—cities which would be absolutely unknown to us but for the exploits of such men as Burton and Palgrave, who, disguised as Mohammedan pilgrims, reached these holy places and returned in safety, owing to their extraordinary knowledge of oriental customs, rites and ceremonies, find their way to Cairo; and the natives of the rich regions around Lake Chad cross the Sahara Desert and gaze on the waters of the Nile at Egypt's capital.

Despite the uncompromising exclu-

A MOOR.

sion of all others but those of the Mohammedan faith from the sacred cities, the true Arab, away from the pernicious influences to which the inhabitants of towns are exposed, leading a pastoral life in patriarchal state, is a noble man. Says Mr. Hugh Robert Mill: "Even the degenerate scoundrels who poison Africa with their slave raids, and can only boast a traditional trace of Arab blood, retain manners which are the admiration of every white traveler who has come in their way. Again and again Arab slave traders have saved and brought to the coast Europeans whom they knew to be the bitterest enemies of themselves and their system, and this without promise of reward."

A Bedouin Arab prepared to cross the desert on his dromedary, with its caparison decorated with beads and festoons of tassels, himself in picturesque costume and scimitar in hand, is an abject of wonder and admiration.

A BEDOUIN ARAB, READY TO CROSS THE ARIZONA DESERT.

These transient inhabitants of Cairo excite our keenest interest, for they come from mysterious regions of which little is known as yet. Few are the Europeans who have seen such men in their native homes. By referring to the illustrations the reader will be able to mark the variations in facial form and expression observable in the

BEDOUIN ARAB GIRL.

countenances of the Arab gentleman and the Bedouin, the Moor and the Soudanese. If the Moor is less comely and of darker complexion than the Arab he is by no means behind him in the richness of his dress. The costume of the Moor presented in the illustration is most gorgeous. His fez is of a brilliant cardinal red, the tassel pendant from it being navy blue. The burmouse is made of rich cream-colored China silk. The tight-fitting waistcoat is scarlet and embroidered with gold braid; the loose jacket green, also embroidered with gold braid but of a different pattern. The ample trousers are sky blue and made of the finest cloth, while the boots from top to toe are of red morocco leather. If any of our fair readers will take their color-boxes and give to each article of dress its proper color, not omitting the gold buttons and decoration on the left breast or the silken sash, they will be able to realize the full brilliancy of this latter-day fellow-countryman of Othello.

The theatres connected with the Old Cairo street in Golden Gate Park have a great attraction. Dark-haired, dark-eyed and dark-complexioned maidens from Turkey and Egypt, from Morocco and Algeria, give performances in ballet dances, each nationality after its own terpsichorean style. There are also Old Cairo actors and jugglers, sword-fighters and necromancers. Adjoining the main Cairo building is the Turkish Theatre where similar performances are given. Albert Sonhami, the treasurer of the company, has long been a resident of Constantinople and brought with him on his arrival in San Francisco at the end of November last, a number of performers celebrated in that city for their skill. The Turkish girls in the troupe are fine-looking, and some of them are wonderful dancers. The Moors and Algerians are darker and less gentle in expression, but are by no means lacking in beauty. Their dance is distinct from that of the Turkish girls, and one of the principal features of it is the extraordinary

A CINGHALESE TYPE.

power of endurance displayed by the performers in whirling round on their toes for a great length of time.

While on the subject of dancing mention should be made of the South Sea Island dancers and singers who are expected to arrive here about the beginning of April. H. J. Moore, an American, is the projector of this exhibition, having successfully established a South Sea Island village in the White City. At the end of November last he passed through San Francisco with his troupe on his return to his "kingdom" in the South Seas. The narrative of his experience in those distant isles is interesting. Twenty years ago, while still a youth and adventurous, he went to Samoa. Many of the Samoan girls possess great beauty, and Moore not only liked the island but also one of its comely daughters. So he married and made his home at Apia. So pleasant was life that he concluded to secure an island for himself, and having obtained a good knowledge of several of the South Sea languages, he proceeded to cast about in search of a realm. Opportunity favored him and while on a tour with his wife on a trading schooner he found his island kingdom. Ten degrees south of the equator the vessel touched at an islet about three miles in circumference, inhabited by a few half-starved cannibals who had little to live upon except their relatives. Moore established a protectorate over them, converted a few members of the moribund tribe by teaching them to live on roasted hog flesh with which he supplied them, and instituted the hog-raising industry on shares. On a return voyage, however, he found that the last of his partners and their tribe had disappeared. The island was uninhabited. Thereupon he introduced a colony of subjects non-anthropophagous, revived the hog-raising industry, and to-day is supplying the German market at Samoa with a large portion of its pork.

A JUGGLER FROM HINDOSTAN.

A SOUDANESE YOUNG MAN AND EGYPTIAN BOY.

The fertile little spot was called Nassau Island, and Moore at a later date, extended his territory by assuming possession of Sophia Island about a thousand miles distant from Nassau and twice as large. There were no cannibals on it and the few inhabitants readily became his subjects. On neither of the islands does any one dispute their self-constituted ruler's authority, willingly obeying his commands.

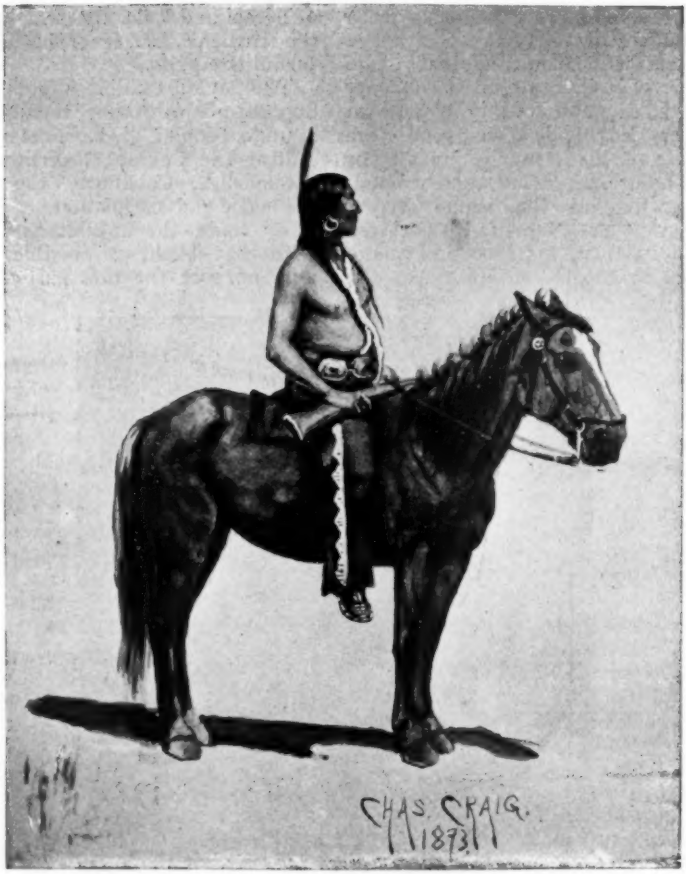
Mr. Moore left San Francisco with his company of thirty-five South Sea Islanders, who constituted his village of subjects at Chicago, on a schooner chartered by him for his homeward voyage. His plans, at that time, were to increase his company by fifty or sixty additional men amd women, representing all the island types. After visiting Nassau, Apia, and Sophia in turn, his intention was to proceed to the New Hebrides, the Carolines and other South Pacific islands for the purpose of procuring members of the different tribes, and then turn his vessel's prow to the Golden Gate. If he succeeds in his plans, there will be visitors to Sunset City in the spring such as Chicago never saw—not decendants of cannibals but the genuine article.

Mr. Moore was accompanied on his late visit by his wife and little daughter. The illustration of two Samoan women is from a photograph of Fetoai and Lola, the two leaders of the female performers of the South Sea Island troupe.

The Ceylon exhibit affords another opportunity of seeing members of a strange people. J. R. Foster, representing the Ceylon Government, and Thomas A. Cockburn, representing the coffee and tea planters of Ceylon, have made the exhibit as identical with that island as possible, and for that purpose the best part of the exhibit at Chicago has been brought to San Francisco. There are nearly a score of Cinghalese men and women. The tea and coffee trade of Ceylon is very large, especially that of the former article which is one of the staple resources of the country. Another native production is cocoa, and a vast quantity of precious stones and curios are displayed. But it is rather of the natives that we would speak than of the exhibits.

SOUTH SEA ISLAND GIRLS.

The Cinghalese women are very



A SIOUX WARRIOR.

skilful in the production of laces and silk embroidery, the latter being unusually artistic and beautiful in design.

The laces, though, perhaps, not so fine as some of the best French and German productions in point of delicacy, nevertheless display designs peculiarly unique. The beauty of the silk embroidery will be recognized by that of the dress of the Cinghalese woman presented in the illustration. Among the Cinghalese, as in other Asiatic tribes polyandry is in vogue, and the lady whose portrait is before the reader may have as many husbands as her heart may desire.

It is believed that an interesting collection of American Indians will form a part of the exhibit at the Mid-Winter Fair. The Indians of California. the Modocs, the Mission Indians, and others, are among the most interesting of the race. Then in Arizona and New Mexico we have the Pueblos, while the Sioux, further east, one of whom is represented in the accompanying illustration, will make a most picturesque exhibit. It would be a most interesting and novel idea to

have a congress of the native races of America, and have each tribe represented by typical specimens, with their homes, equipments, arms, etc., suggestive of their evolution and development.

The men are good natured and of mild demeanor, and it is owing to this easy temperament that less than five thousand Europeans find no difficulty in holding firm control over the island, which has a population of more than 3,000,000 including naturalized emigrants from Southern India. The Cinghalese are not the descendants of the aborigines of Ceylon, but took possession of it by force of arms, and on completion of the conquest their warlike nature seems to have died out. A few who are supposed to have descended from the aboriginal islanders are the "veddahs." It is said that these people never laugh. However docile and submissive the men of Ceylon may be to the Europeans, they are men of valor and mighty Nimrods on the hunting grounds. To slaughter the huge elephant is, or rather was, their great sport, and but for the interference of the government that animal would well nigh have become extinct on the island by this time. In 1862 a royalty of $100 a head was exacted for all elephants killed. All the way from the sea to the foothills of the mountains is the great pachyderm's home, and there lay the wide hunting grounds of the Cinghalese. During the five years previous to the imposition of the license no fewer than 1600 elephants were either captured in crates or shot with the rifle; during the following eighteen years only 1688 were reported killed, less than one-third the previous slaughter. In 1882 the royalty was reduced to one-half; but the courage of the Cinghalese on the hunting ground seems also to have died away. From 1880 to 1892 only 447 elephants were killed. The Cinghalese are a meek and gently disposed race.

SOUTH SEA ISLAND HOUSE.

With a Fan -
From the Chinese.
Take gift, lady - Fan like white cloud -
stirs air like spring birds - When pink
chrysanthemum flower opens making
air full of sharp smells, then you
leave and go. We are sorry.
When cotton flower blossom
- full of white leaves falling,
we hope same winds tell
you come again - then
you turn about with
them and come.
Hop Mug.

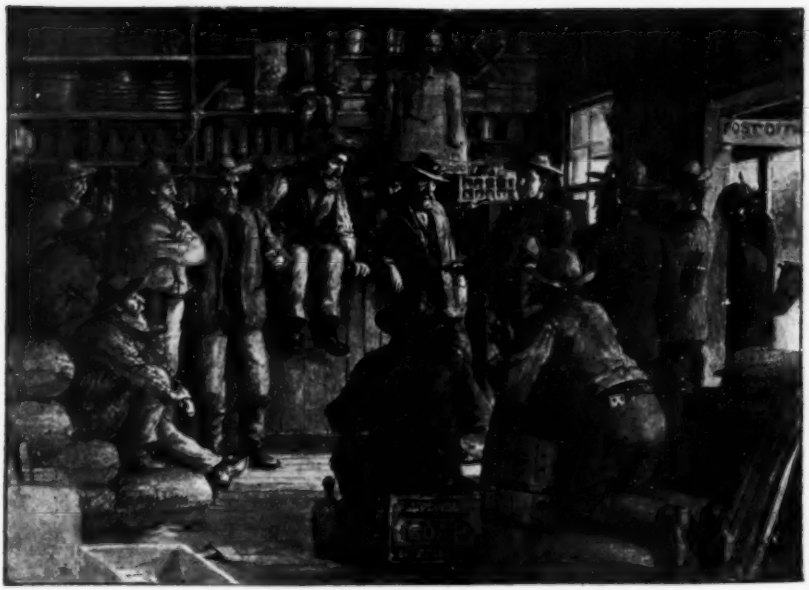
A young lady who had spent some time in Southern California, was about returning to San Francisco, when to her surprise the Chinese cook in the housenoid where she had been visiting, presented her with a beautiful white fan made of feathers. With it he also presented a card bearing on one side the accompanying legend, beautifully written in Chinese characters, and on the reverse a translation of the same. It has seemed to the writer so pretty and delicate that she has ventured to put it into verse.

With a Fan—

Take this gift, lady, a white cloud-like thing,
Stirring the air as young birds do in Spring;
Now, while the pink chrysanthemum flower, in bloom,
Fills the bright garden with its sharp perfume,
You leave us — we are sad that you must go.

Farewell! but when the cotton flowers blow
And scatter their white petals to the breeze,
May the same winds that waft you over seas
Whisper a message from this distant shore,
And on its pinions bear you back once more.

Mary E. Mannix.



"I'M STANDING BY THE NAME THE INDIANS GAVE THE RIVER."

RESURRECTION ON THE UMPQUA.

BY MRS. LINDON BATES.

I.

JOHN ROWE'S place had become to the settlement, general store, postoffice, lodging house and city hall. It was the first of erection, and therefore, the first available for the communal needs of the squatters.

They had meet to-day on important civic duty, and were grouped about, some standing, some sitting upon seats of appropriated barrel tops.

"You citizens have got to stop flying off the question," one was saying. As he occupied a stool with four legs, he had been made chairman, though there was no formality, and but little order in the proceedings. "You 've just got to get down to bus'ness," he insisted. "'Here's Abe Emerson shifted onto fences, and Ives discusing a chimbly; and the meetin' ll break up like the three others, without settling about what this here town 'll be named."

Abe Emerson, thus called to order, returned to the business of the day.

"I'm standing by the name the Indians gave the river. Umpqua's good enough for me."

But Ives protested vigorously.

"I don't want nothing Indian, I want the town named for whites, not for redskins. We're as good as savages, maybe, and as well able to name a place. 'Umpqua' may make sense to a Chinook, but I aint Chinook. Let's call it something that's got a meaning to ourselves."

"If you want something that's got a meaning to ourselves," said John Rowe slowly, "You'd best call the town 'Judgmint.' There aint a name

as fits the conditions and hits everyone of us like 'Judgmint'."

It was a daring speech. Few would have had the courage to voice the truth which the settlement masked, even to itself. Rowe's irony was like a challenge. Two of those standing nearest leaped to their feet, but the assailant met their eyes straightly; there was no quailing about John Rowe. And the men weakened, and dropped to their seats again. The first quick flash of resentment changed slowly on the squatters' faces, to a subtle shame. The occupant in the chair turned; he smiled, and his smile was grimly frank, where frankness was almost wickedness.

"You're right Rowe," he said. "There's no name 'll gather in facts and fit me tighter'n that. I throw my vote for Judgemint."

The group looked uncertainly to the two. What treacherous influence was impelling these men, who maintained always the attitude of abused victims of ill fortune, to vow at last in this reckless abandon, that in misfortune had been fault? The speech of the oldest was as a breach in the barrier of each mind's long reserve, and one after another, with a strained smile, half furtive, half desperate, stood in that strange confessional, and spoke his condemnation in—

"I throw my vote for Judgmint."

After each slow avowal, there was a pause, in which all looked to the ever lessening few, wondering where would pass the line that marked off those self-justified. But through the group it passed, and each one stood at the bar, and each one spoke as had the others, "I throw my vote for Judgmint," till the last one stood alone, the youngest, the favorite, the man born crossing the plains. His voice had in it no harsh undertone, and his speech no burden of story.

"This place aint Judgmint to me," he said cheerily, "I've nothin' to git judgmint for. I've worked with one or other of you below in Californy ever since I could hold a pick. We've had hard luck in the gold fields, and we've come up here to try a new deal. I didn't mind being broke particular. I got enough to eat, and I'd none but myself to trouble about. I'll get enough to eat here, and some good land threw in. We're gettin' back on our luck, and we'll pull out on the Umpqua. You folks can call it Judgmint if you like; to me, it 'll be Resurrection."

There was something about this one, who still had youth, and was guiltless, that touched them vitally. He stood suddenly apart; a being unlike them, embodying all that they had lost. His name, "Resurrection," was as a far faint bugle call to courage, to effort, to hopes that had long lain buried. But the force of years was upon them, and they might not lift it at will.

"It can be Res'rection to you," John Rowe observed cynically, "You 've got no kin. You never had no home. You don't know nothing but Californy."

"That's true," the youngest allowed, "I've got no past. It used to make me feel heavy sometimes, long ago, when I was a youngster, and you fellers used to talk about your famblies, and your old fathers and mothers; but you got out of the way of alluding to 'em after a while. I aint heard one of you mention the States in—well, it's a powerful long spell."

John Rowe gave an impatient stamp of his foot.

"Would you have us chatterin, about 'em for ever? There was nothing more to say."

"Prob'ly not. I suppose latterly you took it out in thinking."

"A man's thoughts is his own private business," Rowe observed curtly; "they don't concern outsiders."

The tone of the meeting had fallen into the minor. This was a subject not to be rashly intruded. The men seemed for the time, indisposed to talk, but they smoked hard, and stared at the floor, and one felt that their minds

were busy though their thoughts were far away.

II.

The settlement on the Umpqua was an offshoot from the great horde that had crossed the Rockies in the early days of California's mining excitment. They were not of the fortunates whom romance has immortalized; but of that larger majority, left to their oblivion—the men who did not "strike it rich," in the gold fields.

Ramson, the youngest, knew little of those earliest days, for he was born and orphaned on the journey out. He grew naturally into the life surrounding him. He subsisted as did the rest of this unsuccessful column; but he had none of their impatience at defeat, or their feverish greed for "luck." He dug and washed, because everybody dug and washed, but a possible fortune gave him little concern. When once his companions rallied him for his want of their common fire, he answered—and his reply was justification to them all.

"You, pardners, are here to make a fortune, and go back home. I've got no home to go to."

So, while the others worked and grew angry and defiant, and at last despondent, this lad remained indifferent; not loudly happy, but not morose, indolent, shiftless and contented.

Ramson was a type that, alas! they did not recognize— the man with no ties and no duties. Later, when they had themselves cast off the links of their own connections, they knew at last, that they had grown into his image of vagrancy, and that it was darkened in them, by the cowardice of guilt.

It is hard to deal impartial justice to these stragglers of a defeated army. They had been at first full of the courage and good purpose of the hopeful; but persistent disappointment slowly froze their ardor and left them stolid. After the years of bootless effort, they no longer saw visions, or dreamed dreams. "The States" that name which so long had held them by necromancy, at whose memory yet again, they had hurled defiance in the mocking face of failure, and turned to the treacherous syren-song of hope, "The States" had lost the magic from its spell. They would never go back, these exiles, for what could they carry with them as the fruitage of toil, but permature age.

There is a relentless law in the universe, by which whoso accepts failure, accepts with degeneracy. These outcasts of fortune grew blunted to their civilizing impulses. The indifference which was at first occasional, the product of depressed moods, became soon a fixed condition. They felt themselves the dross, precipitated from the social solution, and they came at the end to rather like their position. It was a comfortable one, surely. The world made now, no exactions; it expected of them nothing. They had the license and the liberty of those beyond the pale. And they sank by the weight of a growing inertia, into the listless indigents which are ever the pariahs of a community.

The younger men talked less and less of the sweethearts left behind, and the older ones ceased reckoning the heights of their growing broods. The name of home no longer made them sullen. They had grown past sullenness, and heard the words with the furtive smile of the foolish and self-deceived.

When the Placer mines began to fail, the first to feel the pressure, was this impecunious sediment. It had lived on the rim of the possible; the narrowing of margins crowded it over the edge. To exist now, the river bottoms must be abandoned, and another occupation chosen. The "Rabble" of the gold fields scattered, some working north, some south, all seeking conditions allied to their peculiar needs and temperaments.

This particular band followed the line of the Sacramento, and crossing the ridge of the Siskiyou dropped into

Oregon. In the valley of the Umpqua, they halted at last.

The fertile soil gave pledge of sustenance with slight exertion. They homesteaded each a quarter section, and put up a cabin of rough-hewn logs.

III.

Mining has ever been subversive of the home; agriculture, its foster-mother. In the old conditions, woman was superfluous; here she became a pressing necessity. In farming there were no companionships. The men were isolated, save through the evenings, when, as now, they came together for very loneliness. Their desultory labor and their long intervals of rest, both began to press upon them their forlornness and to bring back meditations that they had long since ruthlessly banished.

Their speech was becoming more and more reminiscent. The banished word "home" was furtively recalled, and it was spoken now more in regret than in cynicism. There was beginning to be a something latent in the temper of the squatter that was ominous of revolt. The men were fitful in their impulses, irritable, often quarrelsome. The amiable content had passed from their natures, leaving a moodiness that verged on the lawless. And because, perhaps, of their growing alertness and the sensitiveness to one ever vibrant chord, these fateful strings seemed to be smote upon at every turn. Even here, where they had assembled to settle that harmless subject of a name for the settlement, the purpose was forgotten, for the haunting specter had stolen in and would not be exorcised.

Ransom's allusions to "famblies" and "fathers and mothers" had precipitated again this feverish silence that brooded as a herald of change. To-day in the name "Judgment" the discontent had found its first desperate voice. Now in the stillness forces were growing articulate. Ever and anon one drew his pipe from his mouth and looked up as though about to venture a remark. But the knowledge of all, as to what was the dominant thought of each, was constraining, and the pipe was once more set between the teeth. Soon the silence became oppressive, and John Rowe rose to escape it. Usually he but half rose, lacking the enterprise necessary to draw himself to his full stature, but to-night he moved with energy, as though he would project himself out of the miserable current of his reflections. He walked to the door with a stride that was new to the squatters. It startled them all from their musing and brought them back violently to the subject for which they had assembled.

"Look a-here," the chairman called to the retiring figure, "you citizens can't disband till you've come to some agreement as to what we'll call this settlemint. We aint going on no longer, one man calling it Umpqua, and another Akin's Holler, and another Devils's Rest."

"We've called the place Judgmint," Rowe said decisively, from his post against the door; "I aint heard but one man say he was against the name, and——"

"But he's very much against it," the youngest broke in. "It's a bad name. It's like a curse somehow, and people would avoid the place, thinking it unlucky. Now Resurrection would draw settlers. The name would be a kind of good omen."

"It's a pleasant soundin' name," one allowed.

"It's a kind of a woman's name," remarked another.

The group turned on the speaker, with a ridicule that had a savage undertone.

"What do you know of a woman's name?" called Emerson, spitefully, "You aint seen a woman since you crossed the mountains."

"Why would we call the town by a woman's name?" growled a second. "There aint a woman in the settlement, nor ever will be."

The man attacked, kicked over a can, but said nothing further.

Conversation was treacherous to-night; every theme seemed to lead the community further and further into this fateful vortex. They continued mercilessly their onslaught upon the possible feminine quality in a name for the town, and their persistence of assault proved only how strongly this haunting force was moving them. While they wrangled, the youngest, Ramson, was lost in reflection. Finally he broke in upon the assembly with a question that struck like a lightning flash out of a summer heaven.

"Why don't you fellers," he asked hesitantly, "you that aint never going back to the States, bring your famblies out to Resurrection?"

The hardihood of the question left them at first overawed. Dimly, with blind groping, emotion had been reaching out after this thought, that Ramson had bluntly voiced for them. Now that they stood face to face with the image of their inmost reflections, they were dumb, held by the sense of their own futile daring. No one answered, and again the youngest ventured:

"You fellows won't never go back to the States, and the Umpqua's a mighty taking climate. It's coming spring now, why don't you fetch your famblies out to Resurrection?"

Then the oldest man of the group, the one that held the chair, broke into a laugh so hard, so pitilessly grim, "Why don't we bring 'em out to Resurrection? They wouldn't come. We don't bring 'em, because—because they wouldn't come!"

And all the strange assembly broke into the same weird mirth. There was something satanic in its unnaturalness. It had a hopelessness that made it awful.

"What makes you so certain they would n't come?" Ramson persisted.

They glanced at each other. The defiance of recklessness broke from their faces. Nothing would be concealed to-night.

"I aint sent home a dollar in eight years," the oldest said curtly. "Is decent folks likely to want to come to me?"

"But you hadn't nothing to send." Ramson excused him.

"I aint wrote 'em in five years." The tone was conclusive. The reply seemed all-sufficient. What could a man expect, a husband and a father, who, through five unbroken years, had left his family without a message. The others shrugged their shoulders.

After an interval, Ramson spoke again. His question this time was asked with a diffidence, almost of apology.

"Aint none of you fellows sent nothing or wrote?"

He passed his eye along the group, but each in turn shook his head. It was the world-worn experience. At first letters had been frequent, and remittance regular. Then came harder conditions with poorer returns, till at last, drafts were perforce stopped. Then letters became only a chronicle of failure, and shame overcame conscience, and the men drifted out alone.

Now, as Ramson's gaze rested upon them each shook his head, and with it named the term of his silence, and the periods ranged from three to thirteen years, and the longest term was Rowe's. As the last man finished his confession, they broke again into that awful violence of mirth, whereat even themselves shuddered. It was all such brutal irony. There was something so mocking in their guilt, that it was like an exquisite torture.

When the youngest spoke next, it was after a long, long silence. His voice now was so low, it fell upon the listeners like a far distant whisper.

"Aint none of you fellers got a mother?"

"I've got a mother," John Rowe said. "She's seventy by this. I aint seen her since I left home. It's eighteen years ago to-night."

"I have n't any mother," Ransom

said in the same low lingering voice, as of one who dreams aloud. "I never had any mother, you know. Mine died when I was born, that winter night on the plains. I've always envied people their mothers. I haint seen many, but I kind of imagine what they'd be like. How their voices 'ud be gentle, and their hand soft-like on a feller's head. I used to wonder long ago, when some of you pardners used to get packages from home, how women folks ud write, and what they'd say. I've never wrote to a woman in my life; nor I've never had a letter from one in my life. Will you give me leave, Rowe, to write once to your mother?"

Rowe's teeth closed on his pipe with such quick energy, that it broke. He took the pieces and flung them from him, with an oath. He knew the meaning of the appeal; the innocent would beseech the mercy the guilty could not.

"Where's the use of troubling people?" he said, doggedly. "When a man's well dead, let him stay dead. She's buried me, and wept over me, an'—an'—prayed over me these thirteen years. I'm dead to her. Why should you write?"

"Because, because, I want this place Resurrection."

John Rowe rolled out an oath, but the men who stood beside him, saw a tear, and they knew that the oath but disguised it.

"Write, if you like," he said sullenly, "but don't tell her what—what I'm come to."

And Ransom replied only,

"I won't."

IV.

The young man wrote that night. It was a labored scrawl, full of errors, and crudeties. The pen was an instrument unwieldly to those fingers. But the message it traced was a simple one, not needing much culture to express it.

"These fellows here has all been down on their luck," he wrote. "They could n't nowise manage to draw trumps in Californy, so at last they threw up the game. Times had been very hard the last few years, and money getting tighter. For, you see, the diggin's got worked out. These chaps felt powerful bad about never coming onto a stake, and they got discouraged, I didn't mind it, for, you see, I'd no one belonging to me, being an orphan that lost both parents crossing the plains, but these pardners here, took it hard that they couldn't never rake in a jackpot when there was them back in the States as depended on 'em. They have'nt wrote home latterly, 'cause—'cause, well I guess they was 'shamed to write, having never nothing to send, an' losing heart. But they're a most distressing miser'ble lot of men. They all kind of want to take a new grip on life up here in the Umpqua, and it seems like to me they'ud hold the grip someat stiddier if the place wasn't so all-fired lonesome. The pardners is afraid to write home after being good-for-nothing for such a spell. But if one could somehow get forgave, and take up with his fambly again, I think the rest 'ud pick up spirit, and foller the lead. I've wrote to you 'cause you're John Rowe's mother, thinking hows maybe it 'ud be easier for his mother to show pity, than maybe for his wife. The citizens was set on calling this place Judgmint. They can't just see their way clear to calling it nothing else, though there's one that's working hard to have it Resurrection. Your letter 'll cast the vote. As you condemn or as you pardon, the settlement on the Umpqua 'll be to us all, Judgmint or Resurrection."

It was singular, the influence of this letter upon those rough, degenerate men. While they knew not the words they knew the purport—that it was a hand reached out from the darkness in a prayer for reconciliation. As it carried the story, so it seemed to carry the fate of each, and through the long weeks that followed, the community

lived in an atmosphere of silent, but tense expectancy. The subtle excitement lifted them out of the shiftless lethargy that had held them. Their unrest dispelled their inertia, and for the first time in many years, they genuinely worked; and work here, as everywhere, began to effect its saving grace. The men carried themselves with a returning sense of dignity. The vagabond air passed from the settlement, leaving it respectable.

The letter had, too, another influence. Its personal quality made it, as it were, the trial of each one's individual case. And each man's thoughts dwelt now on his own deserted fireside. In the gatherings at John Rowe's the talk was all of home. The older ones took to reckoning again the heights of their growing broods, and the younger to musing about sweethearts whose pledges were part of that sweetly-bitter past, that they had forfeited.

But the weeks passed, and brought no olive branch. It was early spring when the letter had gone from the settlement on the Umpqua; but spring faded into summer, and the long summer crept into autumn, and no word came of even the coldest greeting. They had sinned beyond forgiveness —this was the message of the silence. They had rent the ties of duty. They were left now to the freedom and the solitude they had chosen.

Through the spring they had hoped. Through the summer they had doubted. At the autumn they took their doom. There was no murmur, no resentment, no reproaches. There had been meted

"JOHN," SHE CALLED, "WE ARE HERE, HAVE YOU NO WORD FOR US?"

to them only justice. In their manner, was a dumb resignation, that left them almost gentle. The settlement had left forever the plane of the vagrant; sorrow and suffering had touched it to heroism.

It was on a clear Sunday morning in October that they were again together. They were not religious, these men. They did not indulge in Sabbath observances. No hymning was heard, or preaching, but they rested from their labors, and collected at the one general store, to sit and to

talk together. And they spoke at length of their dead, who lived in the forfeited Eden; of the lost Paradise, before whose gate stood the cherubim with the righteous sword, that barred them out forever.

"There's my Janie, now," one said, "I never look on these yaller autumn fields, with the wind just lightly shakin' em, but I think of my Janie's hair. 'Twas the silk of the corn,' her mother used to say, badgerin' her. She was small of her age, Janie was, and when she run, this yaller stuff ud float an' sweep out behind her—the sun set t'other night, and after he dropped behind the ledge, he shot up a fan like of gold, an' he brought up my Janie runnin', with her hair a-trailin' after. But—but, she don't remember her dad. I've been gone too long for that."

"I wonder now," said another, "if Susan still runs the farm. There was Miles Legrange that wanted her before she took up with me. Maybe she—maybe. It needed a man on the farm—and Miles, he never married. Maybe now, they made it up again, after I was—dead."

But John Rowe spoke, and his voice was suddenly thick.

"My son, Archie, if he's grown as he used to, he's as tall as I be now. I'd forgot it all. He's been only the lad to me—the wee, toddlin' lad I left eighteen full years ago. But he's grown by this. How comes it, I'd forgot? He's grown, he's a man now —Oh!—" He raised his hand suddenly to his head, and reeled. The men sprang to aid him, but he waved them back—fiercely he waved them back, and staggered to the door. Then he turned and faced them. In his eyes was a light that left them speechless. Each looked to the other, and read his own reflected thought. The strain had reached its fatal, pitiless end, and John Rowe's mind was going. He stood before them one long minute, then he said hoarsely:

"There won't never any letter come. I see it all now. I understand. It could n't be any other way. I'd forgot somehow, thinking of them like they used to be. My Archie was a boy, but now he is a man, He hates me. He curses me. I left him, my child, and his mother, and my mother. I was penniless, and I wouldn't go back. He'll never let 'em forgive me. They'll never have nothing more to do with me. Oh, Mary, my love, my wife!"

He reeled, but with desperate effort he drew himself erect.

"I'm going away, pardners," he said. "My life is over. There's nothing more for me. Write once again Ramson, will you? Send just one line, say to ,em only this—John Rowe is dead.'"

He turned, and throwing wide the door, passed through it. The sun was setting. It threw its glow along the street, in a flood of golden splendor. As the man stepped into it, it folded him; and wrapped him about with its dying glory. The entire assembly arose and followed. They had all at times known this desperate hunger for death. They understood John Rowe's instinct, for they too had longed to wander away into the mountains, and lose themselves. They knew the man too well. But they would fill the last office of comradship; they would follow him to the outer border, then leave him, for his solitary journey into—peace.

As they emerged from the house, and struck into the street, they heard the distinct rumble of the stage coach, that once a month drove in from the outer world. At another time they would have halted, for the conveyance brought light provisions and mail besides any chance passenger that had business in the valley. But the unloading of provisions was a light thing, beside the tragedy of this hunted creature, staggering out before them, to solitude.

As they reached the limit of the settlement, John Rowe paused, looking out to the distant hills, where he would rest. And across the town,

into the same street, rolled the monthly coach, that he had watched so long. It halted before his door, but no one was within, and seeing on the other verge the procession of citizens, the driver lashed his horses, and hurried down. The men turned to greet the arrivals, and John Rowe, drawn by some lingering memory of the hope that through the months had centered in that visitant, paused also. But he did not approach, only stood looking, with vague dreamy stupor, at the scene that was being enacted.

On the seat behind the driver, sat two—one was a man, young and vigorous, and one a woman, permaturely white. Her face, though plain, had in it the loftiness born of enduring patience, and her eyes looked out with the quiet peace that only the humble know. The young man helped her to alight, and she faced the group, scanning each countenance; but she knew, and was known by, none. They looked at her—all; and she looked at them all, but never a gleam of recognition broke the strangeness of the meeting. Then she spoke, and though at first she named no name, they fell back and left the road way open to the man that stood apart.

"His mother is dead," the woman said, "and we had to sell the farm to get the money to come; but we would'nt make the town Judgmint, when the Lord left it a chance for Resurrection. So we sold everything, and moved out; and this man is Archie, John Rowe's son, and I am Mary, John Rowe's wife."

Her voice as she began had not reached her husband, but some subtle influence had drawn him down slowly, and when the men fell back, in the open road, he stood alone. As the women ended, she raised her eyes, and straight in the path before her, stood the husband of her youth, old now, and broken, but to her heart, unchanged, her love in time and in eternity. She reached to him her hands, in faltering appeal.

"John," she called, "we are here, have you no word for us?"

And he caught her to his heart—while the youngest observed quietly, "Friends, this here settlemint is Resurrection."

LOVE'S WORSHIP.

BY LEONARD S. CLARK.

"The moon looks on many brooks
"The brook sees but one moon."

Thou art the moon on whom I gaze;
My raptured eye turns but to thee;
Thou shed'st thy tender witching rays
On all, and not alone on me.

"O foolish little brook," you cry,
"Scarce worthy of my fav'ring beam;
"To look on you alone—'twould dry
"Your little flood—ambitious stream."

Nay, turn your every look on me;
I shall more surely llve the while;
And if I die for love of thee,
'Twere bliss to die beneath your smile.

IRRIGATION OF THE ARID LANDS.

BY EX-GOV. LIONEL A. SHELDON.

THIS subject has been agitated for several years to such an extent that the national Senate and House of Representatives have dignified it by providing committees for its consideration. That is a step towards some solution of the question, but it cannot be taken as the expression of an intention to make the irrigation of the arid lands a national work, on the contrary, Congress has distinctly said that whatever has been done shall not be construed as committing the Government to it. The subject has been brought more prominently to the attention of the country than ever before by the International Irrigation Congress which recently held a five days session in the city of Los Angeles, California. That Congress was composed of delegates from the seventeen States and Territories lying west of the 97th meridian, and from Russia, France, Mexico, New South Wales and South Africa. The foreign delegates participated in the proceedings, except the discussion of questions touching the policy that should be adopted in this country. The members of that Congress were among the ablest and most earnest of the citizens of the States and Territories they represented. Its object was to elicit thought and investigation, that information accurate and of the widest range may be obtained, and the wisest plan discovered for rendering the arid lands cultivable. It provided methods for keeping the subject before the country to the end that there may be created a public sentiment that will press the national and State Governments into doing that which will not only render the arid regions inhabitable and productive, but which will prevent a monopoly of the water supply to the injury of the mass of the people.

In its address to the people of the United States the International Irrigation Congress gave utterance to principles that are fundamental, the observance of which in national and State policies is regarded as absolutely essential to securing to cultivators of the soil the profits they are justly entitled to. It laid down the broad proposition that water in natural channels and beds is public property, and when under the laws of any State the right to the exclusive use of such water has been acquired, like other private property, it may be condemned to public uses in the exercise of the right of eminent domain. It may seem unnecessary to those who are unacquainted with conditions in some sections of the arid region to have asserted that familiar doctrine, but when it has become understood that under policies in some of the States and Territories private persons and corporations have acquired a monopoly of the water supply, the duty to return to fundamental principles will be apparent. It further declares that streams having their sources in one State and whose channels extend into one or more States are inter-state streams, whose waters for purposes of irrigation should be distributed under national regulations. It also declares that irrigation of the arid public lands is a national work and should be undertaken by the general Government, and commends the district system recently introduced in California to all the other States and Territories. Conditions in this country press consideration of the irrigation question, and imperatively demand a speedy solution.

Elaborate argument is not necessary to prove the value of irrigation. Agriculture was first practiced in a country where artificial application of water to the soil was necessary to assure production. It was among agriculturists and in an arid country that civilization germinated. Irrigated lands produce better crops and retain their strength longer than those which depend upon rainfall for moisture, and crops are produced upon them with less labor and more certainty. Rainfall is irregular both as to time and quantity. With experience irrigation can be applied with mathematical exactness, giving to the lands the necessary quantity and at the proper time. Arid countries have their rainy seasons, and the expense of irrigation is in conserving the water that falls during such seasons and providing means for conveying it to the lands under cultivation. The arid section of this country is mainly mountainous and the mountains are the storehouses of the water that falls during the rain periods. In the mountains the water is to be conserved by the construction of dams and reservoirs, and in the plains by interception of it in subterranean channels and bringing it to the surface. The additional work is in the construction of ditches or flumes or laying pipes. This may seem to involve an enormous expense, but it will not be greater, taking into consideration all the lands to which it is practicable to apply irrigation, than it costs to remove the forests in the East, or to prepare the prairies of Illinois and Iowa for cultivation. It will probably not cost as much on the average.

The arid section cannot be made extensively habitable and cultivable unless irrigation is broadly applied. Do conditions demand that this shall be speedily done? So long as there were lands in abundance which were productive without irrigation there seemed to be no necessity for the wants of an increasing population. The time has come when there is but little of such lands at the disposal of the government. Our population has become so great that there is demand for room. The percentage of homeless people is alarmingly on the increase, our cities are surcharged with involuntary idleness. How to give employment to the people is a grave problem in all populous countries, and it is graver in this than any other because our laboring classes are accustomed to better food and clothing, more comfortable surroundings and higher wages than any other people of the same class. Natural accretion is adding more than a million to our population annually, and the number thus added will be greater as time proceeds. For room we have no way to look except toward the arid regions. They contain about 1,200,000,000 acres. To but a trifling portion is irrigation applied. Seven-twelfths of these lands have been disposed of by the government to private individuals, granted to railroads, ceded to the States for educational and other purposes, and reserved in the remaining Territories to be ceded when they become States. Five-twelfths are still retained by the government subject to be taken up under existing land laws.

To avoid the installation of an insufferable and sweeping monopoly of both land and water it is necessary that some action should be immediately taken, The homestead law so humane in principle has been used in the arid region to the detriment of the government and the people. Locations are made upon quarter sections on which there are springs, or the sources of streams, or lie along their courses, and which give the owners control of the water supply. The adjacent lands are thereby rendered valueless, and cannot be disposed of by the government. The owner of 160 acres which control the water supply has the use of an indefinite area at no expense. Thus have arisen vast cattle ranges without investment of capital in lands. The desert land acts which were in-

tended to enable the people to acquire homes are mainly advantageous to capitalists. It is only in exceptional cases, and they are few, that an individual can comply with their requirements. In order to prepare the desert lands for extensive cultivation water must be conserved and developed and conveyed long distances. The locator is compelled to part with the greater portion of his claim to induce the investment of capital in such works as will supply him with water for the part he retains, and this is done by corporations which exact such rates for water as they please. The law allows the taking up of reservoir sites without limit, and in some instances corporations or individuals have filed on the tracts of size of an ordinary county in an Eastern State for the purpose of controlling drainage areas. Under the desert land acts individuals have acquired tracts baronial in extent and under local laws have corralled the water of considerable rivers. If this is permitted to go on it may be apprehended that the whole arid region will fall into the hands of the few, and that it will be no place for those without money to acquire homes. The lands disposed of by the government to private individuals are chiefly situated in the valleys, while the water supply is on lands in the mountains, which are still owned by the government. So long as the supply is sufficient for their uses the valley people make no effort to conserve or develop water. The general government can put a stop to all these proceedings so far as the public domain is concerned, and it would be a wise policy for it to suspend the operation of the land laws in the arid regions until there has been thorough engineering and topographical investigations, with a view to determining the location and extent of the drainage areas, the amount of water that can with practicability be conserved and developed and the extent to which the public lands be placed under irrigation. When that information is acquired the government will be able to devise a land policy adapted to the arid regions, In no other way can the remaining lands be made available to a great extent for homes for the people. So far as concerns the lands already disposed of their irrigation, are subject to such policies as the respective States may adopt.

There is plausibility in the proposition that irrigation should be left to private enterprise. It has been our theory that individuals should be permitted to enjoy the largest freedom in legitimate business affairs, and that government should not attempt to control or interfere any further than to pass revenue laws, collect taxes, pay debts, and suppress crime. Under this theory and the careless policy that has been practiced inequalities have arisen in this country quite as great as in countries where class privileges have been established by law and custom. It is doubtful if in any country in the world the people are more under the heel of monopoly than in the United States. The idea that money is of more consequence than man is dangerously prevalent. In no country is there greater disparity in the possession of wealth. As irrigation of the arid lands cannot be extensively applied through private enterprise merely, there is an admirable opening for capital to acquire monopoly over water and land, two elements of nature as necessary to human existence and happiness as the air and the sunlight. The arid region cannot be made available for homes without the expenditure of large sums of money. The general government is the only power that can supply it without the installation of monopoly.

The proposition that the government shall undertake this great work will be combatted. First, probably on the ground of a want of power. There are those who think the constitution is as barren of power to do good as the heart of Shylock was destitute of humanity. The same ob-

jection was urged for thirty-five years against appropriations to improve rivers and harbors. The clause that confers authority upon Congress to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises to pay the debts, provide for the common defense and general welfare was at length construed as granting power to appropriate the money to improve rivers and harbors as it does, provide for the general welfare. It is under this clause that the construction of public buildings is justified, and many other things are done which require the expenditure of the public revenues. If to provide homes for the homeless, to give employment to the idle and to add to the general wealth are not promotive of the general welfare, it is difficult to conceive what would be. The work in no sense would be local or sectional for it would be of benefit to the people of every part of the nation, and more especially to the most populous localities.

The power to provide for the general welfare should not be construed as merely permissive, but as mandatory. It is as much the duty of Congress to do that as to pay the debts or to provide for the common defense.

The cession of the public lands to the States and Territories to aid them in the work of irrigation is a proposition that has advocates, and will be favored by those who think the States should do everything and the national Government nothing. This plan would, in all probability, prevent uniformity in methods, for each State would have to provide its own engineers whose views would likely be different and they would be subject to no common control. The management of lands ceded to States for educational and other purposes by the General Government, cannot as a rule be praised, the bulk of the land frauds, and the most outrageous ones, have been committed in connection with lands, ceded to the States. It is true that the cession might be made with restrictions and limitations as to their disposition, but there has always been a feeling of delicacy in calling a sovereign State to an account. The General Government already possesses well-organized land and engineers' departments, and to do the work under their supervision would save no inconsiderable expense. The Engineers' Department was organized ninety years ago, and no department in any Government in the world has been more highly distinguished for ability and integrity. I believe no officer in that department has ever been dismissed for ignorance or misconduct and very few have been charged with negligence or impropriety. The business of no Government in the world has been better conducted than that of the United States under all administrations. That it is done better than that of the States may be reasonably supposed because there are more eyes to watch and a greater variety of interests to be dealt with. Defalcations of federal officers have been few as compared with those of the States.

The extent to which the public domain can practicably be placed under irrigation has not been accurately or perhaps proximately determined. Estimates are various. The conservative place it lower and the sanguine higher. The lowest estimate is 100,000,000 million acres or one-fifth of what remains in the hands of the Government, and others put it at one-third or 166,000,000 acres. One hundred million acres will supply homes to 2,500,000 families of five persons each or to 12,500,000 population, giving to a family forty acres. If one-third can be placed under irrigation, homes and livelihood will be furnished to more than 20,000,000, a number almost equal to a third of our present population. Forty acres are taken as an average. In some localities one-fourth that number will be ample, and there are many intelligent men who think that twenty acres on an average throughout the arid region will be sufficient to support a family in comfort. Those who are unac-

quainted with the productiveness of irrigated lands will think twenty or forty acres a very small farm. How much can be placed under irrigation depends upon how much water can be conserved and developed and the practicability of conveying it to the lands. The quantity of water in the aggregate is very large but the chief difficulty lies in the distribution. Volumes are constantly flowing to the sea through the Missouri, Arkansas, Rio Grande, Colorado, Columbia and smaller rivers. In the mountains are numerous small streams whose waters can be brought to the surface. Irrigation is in its infancy and will only be developed as necessity or interest demands. Without careful investigation and considerable effort it is impossible to tell how much irrigation can be extended even in localities where it has been carried to the higest development. In some parts of Utah and California there has been the largest experience, and the best results have been produced. If one had asserted ten years ago that water was sufficient in Southern California for the lands already under irrigation, he would have been considered a wild enthusiast or insane, but to-day, every intelligent man knows that the irrigated area can be increased under intelligent methods.

The practice in general is to use more water than is beneficial. In fact, the tendency is to use so much water as to be hurtful. As the irrigated area is extended the atmosphere becomes more humid and consequently evaporation becomes less. Experience will prove that the greatest difficulty will not be in water supply but in the engineering problem of conveying the water upon the lands where there is great unevenness of surface.

The expense of the work will at first blush cause men to shrink from consenting that the government shall undertake it. To place the public domain under irrigation and then dispose of it under the homestead, law would involve the expenditure of a vast sum of money. It is my proposition that the reclaimed lands shall pay that expense. Let Congress appropriate a sum sufficient to place a limited area in each State and Territory under irrigation and then sell the land to actual setlers at prices that will refund the expenditure, conveyiug to them the land and the right to use water as an inseparable appurtenance, and then take the money thus received and extend the work, keeping on doing so, until the entire domain as far as practicable, is supplied with the means of irrigation. In the end the Government will get all its money back. The cost to the settlers, as experience thus far shows, will be only about eight dollars per acre on the average. In the conveyance it should be stipulated that for the use of the future water the owner of the land shall never be charged more than is necessary to operate the plants and keep them in repair. When the work is done the management can be remitted to the States and the General Government relieved of all fnrther trouble. There can be no doubt that as fast as the lands are made ready for occupation they will be taken up. They should be sold in small tracts, the size depending upon their productiveness. It is of the highest importance that the water should be utilized for it is king in the arid region, as fully as cotton was once king in the south. To allow it to be monopolized is a crime upon humanity. The time has come when there can be no monopoly of land without making a vast number of people miserable.

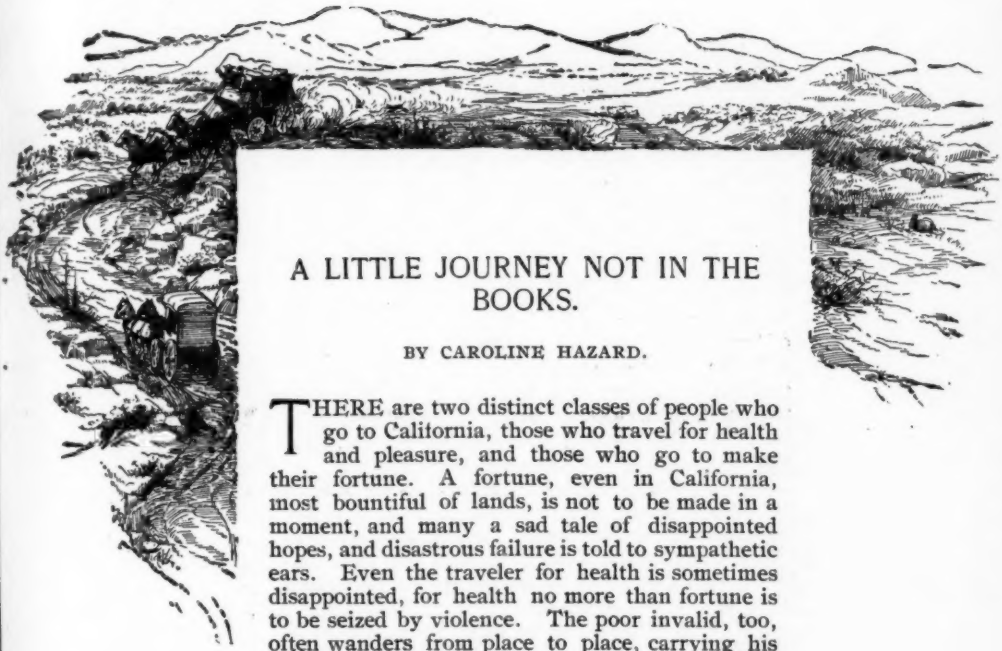
Governor Flower of New York in a recent speech at an agricultural fair in his State is reported to have said that when in Congress he spoke and voted against the appropiation of any considerable sum of money in aid of irrigation for the reason that it would create competition with the farmers of his State and reduce the prices of their products. It may be that this dem-

agogical and unpatriotic speech voices the feeling of the Eastern people. Assuming that to place the arid region under irrigation would produce the result he describes let us see how it would effect others than the farming class. The farmers of the nation constitute about one-third of the whole population. In New York State they are not more than one-fourth. To cheapen the price of food might be disadvantageous to one-fourth but it would benefit the other three-fourths. New York produces only wheat enough to supply one-sixth of the year, and New England produces what will supply her people two weeks of the year. Not a State east of the Appalachian Mountains one year with another raises bread enough for its people. In the South, aside from Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee, no State produces sufficient food for its people. The interests of the great majority in the East and South are opposed to restricted agricultural production. It is the Northwest that should resist the proposition for the Government to aid irrigation if interest and not patriotism is to control. It is true that agriculture for a few years last past has been depressed through low prices, caused by over production. The virgin lands of the West have been opened to settlement and cultivation faster than was for the profiit of agriculturalists, Consumption is rapidly overtaking production. Conditions are becoming equalized and the day is not far distant when there will be no complaint that food articles are too cheap, on the contrary the complaint will be that they are too dear. The lands are being taken up for small homes and devoted to other purposes than agriculture.

In many ways the cultivable lands are being trenched upon. The rapid increase of population in cities and towns indicates that agriculture is being abandoned for other pursuits. It need not be feared that the farmer of New York will be seriously injured, for by the time the arid lands can be placed under irrigation and settled upon by cultivators, consumption will have overtaken and passed production.

There is a broad humanitarianism in the irrigation proposition. It looks to the welfare of the masses and not especially to that of classes. It is a provision for the future. Indeed it is a provision for the present, and it will not do to delay doing something effective with it. Our crowded cities and a million or more idle, homeless and breadless people appeal for relief. Where shall we put them except upon the vacant lands? They cannot go upon those that are arid until they are fitted for production. We may establish ship-yards, build and sail ships and enlarge our industrial establishments, but that will not supply homes to all who are without them. To assure homes to the people has been the policy and glory of this country, but for ten or more years homelessness has been fearfully increasing. More than a million adult people, native born, are annually coming upon the stage of action, and they must have employment and homes. We will be able to provide these for years to come if we but utilize in the best manner the resources at the Nation's command.

It is a fact that should not be overlooked, that the arid region is already liberally supplied with railroads and their settlement would not be retarded by the want of transportation facilities. Their early settlement may be the means of preventing the railways in that vast region from going into bankruptcy.



A LITTLE JOURNEY NOT IN THE BOOKS.

BY CAROLINE HAZARD.

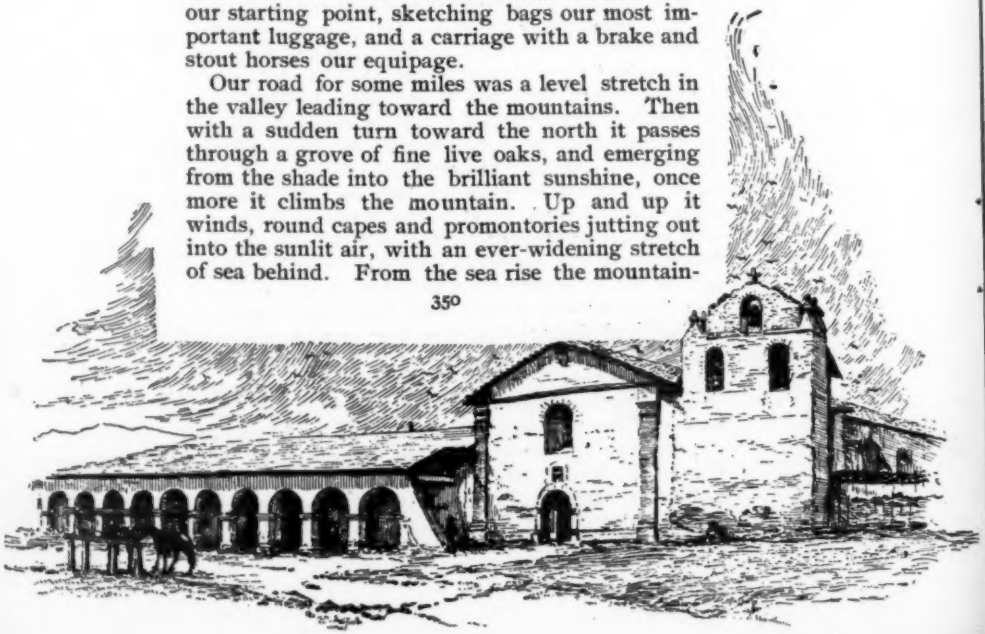
THERE are two distinct classes of people who go to California, those who travel for health and pleasure, and those who go to make their fortune. A fortune, even in California, most bountiful of lands, is not to be made in a moment, and many a sad tale of disappointed hopes, and disastrous failure is told to sympathetic ears. Even the traveler for health is sometimes disappointed, for health no more than fortune is to be seized by violence. The poor invalid, too, often wanders from place to place, carrying his discomfort with him, and finding something unpropitious even in that land of sunshine. The traveler for pleasure has generally the best of it. If he has half an eye for the beautiful, he cannot fail to be charmed, and his spirits rise with every new rose he encounters. But in California there has come to be a regular round of travel. The tourist, to give him his California name, enters the State at the south, and sees the regular things, including the three or four great hotels he must visit, and he makes his exit at the north, or he reverses this process. His little red book, if he is a regular tourist, provides tickets for the wants of any reasonable traveler. If he hears of any desirable place to visit, his first question is, is it in the book? If it is not, presumably, it is not worth seeing. Fortunately, there is so much to see and to enjoy that the regular tourist has all he generally has time for, and at the end of a

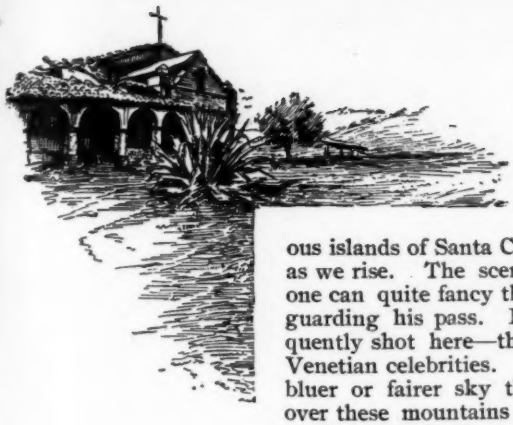
six-weeks' trip, of course, knows all about California, and is prepared to lecture upon its climate and resources when he comes home.

And the real lover of California, who has basked in its sunshine successive winters, and delighted in its placid days full of memories of a patriarchial state, who has heard the days and hours rung in by the soft Mission bells, resounding in the limpid air, such a lover rejoices that the traveler can get a glimpse of it all, and trusts to the charm of California to call him back that he may know it better. The hurry and bustle of the city life, the great growth, the boom itself with its disastrous consequences, seem so very external. Behind and beneath it all is a vast and bountiful nature, most sublime and most lovely, which some day will claim her children, and rear them as becomes so noble a mother.

So knowing a little of California, we started out as free as the birds to make a little journey that was not in the books. Santa Barbara was our starting point, sketching bags our most important luggage, and a carriage with a brake and stout horses our equipage.

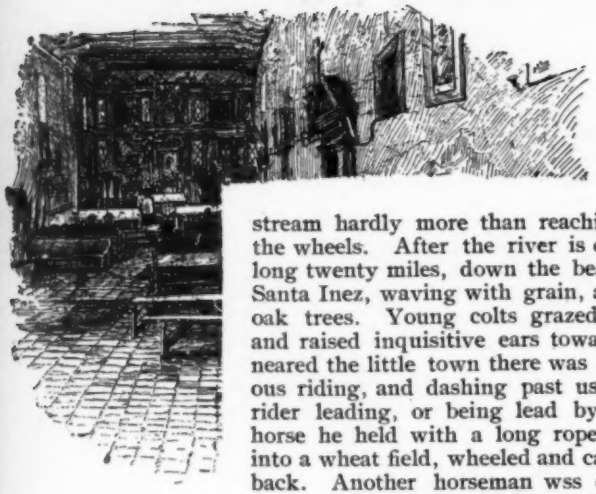
Our road for some miles was a level stretch in the valley leading toward the mountains. Then with a sudden turn toward the north it passes through a grove of fine live oaks, and emerging from the shade into the brilliant sunshine, once more it climbs the mountain. Up and up it winds, round capes and promontories jutting out into the sunlit air, with an ever-widening stretch of sea behind. From the sea rise the mountain-





ous islands of Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa, rising as we rise. The scenery grows more wild till one can quite fancy the lions of San Marcos are guarding his pass. Indeed they are not infrequently shot here—the California lion, not the Venetian celebrities. But Venice itself has not a bluer or fairer sky than the dome which rises over these mountains of St. Agnes; and if ever her lamb can lie down with the lion it will surely be here.

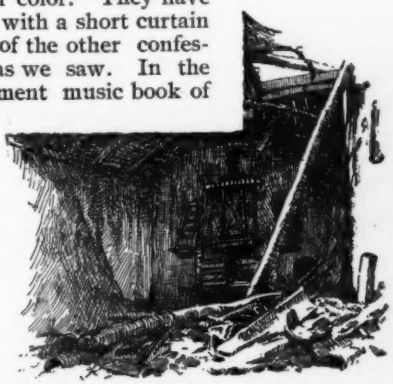
The pass grows narrow as the top is reached, giving brilliant triangles of ocean and sky framed by oaks and blooming bushes. The sun beats down on the tortuous way, the horses pant and pull, the stage comes creaking up with its six little broncos. They stop to change horses presently; we get a good start and soon come to the very top of the pass. There lies Santa Barbara spread like a map at our feet, its wide main street running directly to the sea. In the clear air it looks as if one could make a flying leap and land at the head of it. Reluctantly we turn our backs upon the sea, and begin the descent into green woods. The whole character of the country changes; there are splendid white oaks among the live oaks, which to a New Englander have always the look of home, so closely do they resemble the form of old apple trees. But these oaks are very different, tall and symmetrical, with splendid great branches, and trunks often from twenty to thirty feet in circumference. Then we come to a rushing brook, and follow its rocky course toward the Santa Inez River. This last is a real California stream, capable of becoming a raging torrent destructive to life and property, but when we crossed a series of limpid brooks, divided by islands of sand, the main

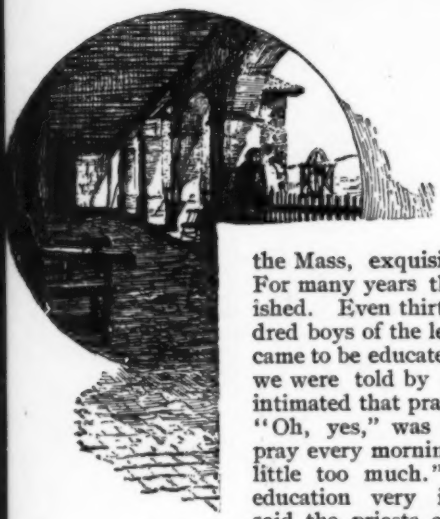


stream hardly more than reaching the hubs of the wheels. After the river is crossed comes a long twenty miles, down the beautiful valley of Santa Inez, waving with grain, and dotted with oak trees. Young colts grazed by their dams and raised inquisitive ears toward us. As we neared the little town there was a sound of furious riding, and dashing past us came a native rider leading, or being lead by a wild young horse he held with a long rope. They turned into a wheat field, wheeled and came thundering back. Another horseman wss engaged in the same way, a primitive method of horse-breaking. We came into a straggling village street, and ended our long day's ride at the College Hotel. More singular still is the college saloon, the next-door neighbor of the hotel. But the name recalls the fact that the Mission of Santa Inez was once a famous college; the college ranch still exists though alienated from its founders. In 1795 exploration was begun among the mountain valleys for a site for a new Mission. Santa Barbara, scarcely ten years old, was already prosperous, and the fathers' hearts yearned over the heathen in the mountains. There are those who say they coveted the rich pasture land for their flocks and herds, and the services of the Indians which could be compelled by threats of torments to come. But in the early days at least the friars burned with true missionary zeal. The explorations continued till 1789 when the present site was situated, though the Mission was not founded till 1804. Erom Santa Barbara over the mountains, and La Purisima toward the sea, came priests and neophytes, and in this beautiful valley thickly settled with Indians, the Mission was established. There it stands to-day. Only nine arches of its long colonnade are left,

but the church itself with its white eagle and bell-tower is in good preservation. The bell-tower is a wide wall arched and ornamented at the top, pierced with arched openings in which hang three bells. The side walls of the church are buttressed, and the tiles are still upon the roof, though the colonnade has been shingled. The exterior is white, and as the morning sun fell upon it was very brilliant with the depth of shadow from the over-hanging eaves, and in the arches of the colonnade. The church is of the usual basilica shape, long and narrow, almost as long as Santa Barbara Mission, but not so wide.

The Easter decorations were still about, the hanging lamp in front of the altar full of Calla lilles, and the shrines gaily dressed. In the sacristy are one or two instruments made by the Indians; an old violincello looks as if it still possessed a good tune, so fine and delicate are its lines. But the strings have long since disappeared, and the varnish is cracked and gone. A melancholy spectacle it was, lying on a shelf, cast aside and neglected, an epitome of the race who made and used it. Some silver is left, but only a small part of what the rich church once possessed. A good censor with its swinging chains black and battered, an incense-box covered with a lid, like a sauce boat, some old pictures of no great merit, a stiff little St. Agnes with her lamb among them; these are the treasures of the sacristy. The confessionals are very good, of carved wood, now a beautiful color. They have a leather seat in the middle with a short curtain in front different from any of the other confessionals in California so far as we saw. In the music gallery is a fine parchment music book of





the Mass, exquisitely written by the Indians. For many years the College of Santa Inez flourished. Even thirty years ago there were a hundred boys of the leading Californian families who came to be educated, "They prayed too much," we were told by one of the old students. We intimated that prayer was a good thing after all. "Oh, yes," was the hasty rejoinder, "but to pray every morning from six o'clock till nine is a little too much." This student considered the education very inadequate. Mathematics, he said, the priests could not change, but history was taught largely from the legends of the Saints, and for literature they had the same pabulum. Now the Indians are gone, the boys are gone, one solitary priest walks the cloisters, and celebrates the Mass, while among the ruins of the crumbling adobe tall mustard and blooming weeds have grown.

Across the road is a great cistern, which still looks strong and sound, to which the fathers brought their water for irrigation. Now the college ranch has passed from their possession, and young olive tress cover the red earth with their pale green. Wheat fields stretch in every direction bounded by the mountains, but the fertile valley which the fathers planted is reaped by other hands.

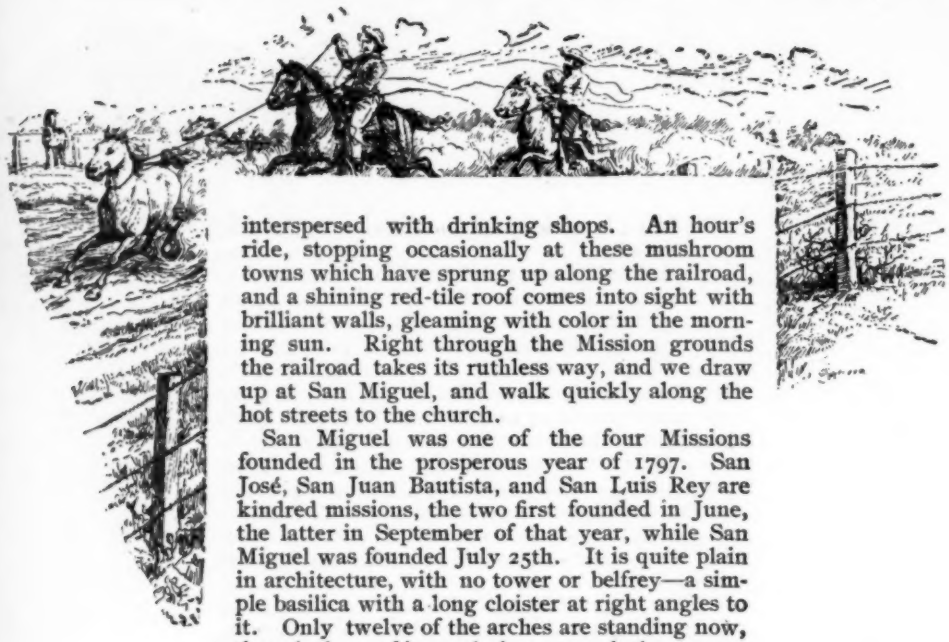
From Santa Inez to San Luis Obispo ought to be a short railroad journey, But there are milk cans to be taken on an off, calves and sheep to be loaded, all the business of one train a day to be carried on, so that the sixty miles at present takes five hours of steaming and waiting.

But finally the twin mountains of San Luis and his mitre came in sight. Most curious mountains they are, bare, and boldly volcanic.

The Mitre is exactly like a bishop's mitre, over a thousand feet high, rising abruptly from almost level ground. The Mission here is sadly restored, even the most determined searcher after the picturesque can find little to satisfy him. The garden is usually the last resort of the sketcher when all else fails, and here was a charming garden, gay with fleur-de-lis and geraniums, with an arcade draped in roses along one side. The church is not large, but is rich in vestments, both Spanish and French. Long trays of chasubles, with stole and maniple were shown us by the courteous priest. The church doors embossed with many nails are fine here, and also the confessionals rich with carving and leather.

Early the following morning we started for Santa Margarita. The excellent road winds up the narrow valley till it comes to a rushing stream, and creeps up beside it through the threatening hills. These are of most curious conical shapes, usually bare of trees, with the red soil showing through the early vegetation. Still narrower grows the ascent, and then comes the short and rapid drive into the smiling valley lying nine hundred feet above the sea level, which was left a short two hours before. The whole face of the country changes. Broad meadow land studded with splendid white oaks stretches before us. The grass is flecked with flowers, and to the left can be seen a ranch house, and the ruins of the Santa Margarita Mission barely discernible among the trees. It is a great cattle country, and one is not surprised to hear that two millions was refused for this beautiful valley during the boom.

The railroad ends, or begins here, and we come to civilization, the new half civilization of straight streets, and false-fronted houses, frankly

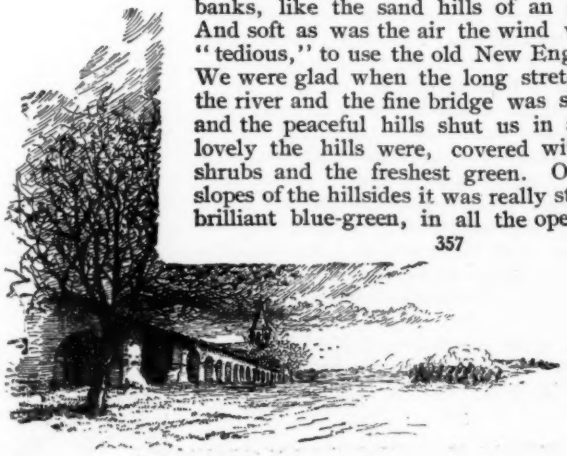


interspersed with drinking shops. An hour's ride, stopping occasionally at these mushroom towns which have sprung up along the railroad, and a shining red-tile roof comes into sight with brilliant walls, gleaming with color in the morning sun. Right through the Mission grounds the railroad takes its ruthless way, and we draw up at San Miguel, and walk quickly along the hot streets to the church.

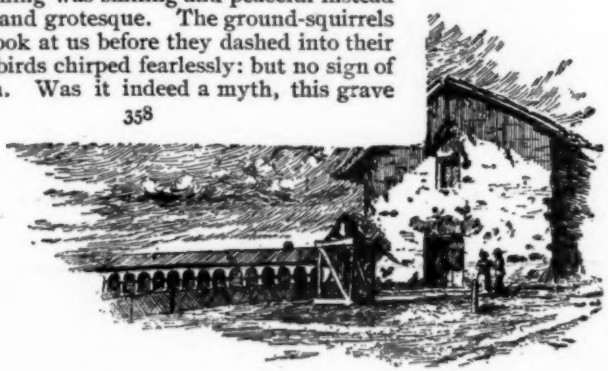
San Miguel was one of the four Missions founded in the prosperous year of 1797. San José, San Juan Bautista, and San Luis Rey are kindred missions, the two first founded in June, the latter in September of that year, while San Miguel was founded July 25th. It is quite plain in architecture, with no tower or belfrey—a simple basilica with a long cloister at right angles to it. Only twelve of the arches are standing now, though the roof is much longer, and the present priest and his brother have supported it on pillars, and laid the tiles afresh. Here are to be seen the long cauls of tule, which lie upon the rafters, bound together with rawhide, upon which the heavy tile are laid. In the church, which is very bare, St. Michael stands with his scales, and over the altar is a very grotesque All-seeing Eye with rays about it. The outside well rewards the sketcher in search of color, in spite of its simple form. Nowhere are the tiles a more glaring red, or the broken plaster walls, showing the adobe underneath, more brilliant. The very shadows are full of color. The great bell has been moved to a scaffolding in front of the church door, where it stands most picturesquely against the tarnished walls. Chickens ran about, and the simple household life of the priest's brother's family went on. A place full

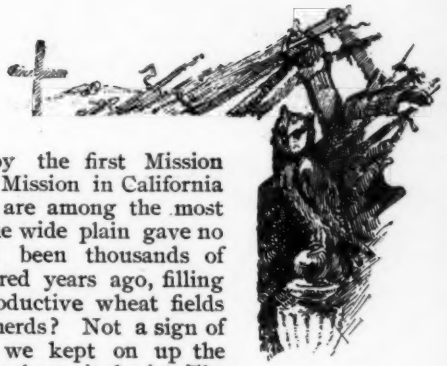
of sunshine and quiet, and we only left it after a hard day's work.

We were now approaching the Mecca of our pilgrimage, the lonely San Antonio de Padua, off in the mountains, a good twenty miles from anywhere, anywhere in this case being King's City, a little town upon the railroad. The whole of this part of California is a series of beautiful valleys lying north and south between parallel ranges of mountains. The Santa Margarita Valley narrows and rises till the progress of the train seems blocked, when, rounding a promontory which juts into this sea of meadow land, another lake of verdure opens, bounded again by hills and mountains, and stretching northward in long, level fields. This is the great Salinas Valley, with the river winding through it, down which the wind blows a balmy gale. At King's City there are great sand hills along the river banks, like the sand hills of an ocean beach. And soft as was the air the wind was certainly "tedious," to use the old New England phrase. We were glad when the long stretch leading to the river and the fine bridge was safely crossed and the peaceful hills shut us in again. Most lovely the hills were, covered with blooming shrubs and the freshest green. On the north slopes of the hillsides it was really startling, such brilliant blue-green, in all the openings of the



blooming thickets. The country was pastoral in a Renaissance fashion—nymphs and goddesses should have hidden in those blooming thickets, not the nymphs of Mt. Parnassus, but the later representations of them. Splendid white oaks spread their arms far over the tiny path the few wagons had made. The "grade" is excellent—in California any good road leading over a pass seems to be a "grade;" but it was where it began to wander through the valley, after our ascent was won, that the way was most charming. The little village where the traveler stops is of only a dozen houses or so, including, however, a choice of hostelries. The brook sings through it, charmingly wooded hills surround it, and after our twenty miles drive we felt as if we had arrived at a truly idyllic spot. The Mission is four or five miles away, and we started eagerly to see it. Another upland valley has to be traversed. Along the way are signs of the old irrigating ditches which once watered its fields now destitute of any culture. A stray goat nibbled the fresh grass, birds sang in the sunny air, the valley was full of smiling peace. On and on we went, past a little schoolhouse where hung a sweet-voiced bell taken from the Mission. A soft-blue mountain blocked the valley at the north—Santa Lucia, the noblest of her own Sierras. Could her poor eyes see the beauty of her namesake, we wondered idly? Not a sign of human habitation as we went on. It was like Childe Roland wandering in his desert, though here everything was smiling and peaceful instead of horrible and grotesque. The ground-squirrels turned to look at us before they dashed into their holes; the birds chirped fearlessly: but no sign of the Mission. Was it indeed a myth, this grave





and holy place founded by the first Mission Fathers in 1771, the third Mission in California whose records and annals are among the most important of them all? The wide plain gave no reply. Could there have been thousands of Indians here a short hundred years ago, filling the whole valley with productive wheat fields and the hills with grazing herds? Not a sign of life remained. And still we kept on up the smiling vale, till suddenly there it lay! The valley gave a sudden dip, and, close before us, stretching its long cloister in the sun, watched over by Santa Lucia, there was the Mission. Desolate and gray the olives stood beside it, and a great maguay raised its spiked leaves protectingly before. Great rents were in the brilliant roof, where the tiles lay moss green and purpled and red. The brick front is almost the only perpendicular thing about it, with its two little belfries, one despoiled of its bell. The rest of the building sways and sags in every line. In front of the cloister are the remains of a flower garden now trampled by the cattle of a neighboring ranch. Lilies are St. Anthony's emblem—lilies and the crucifix—and here once must have been many. In the great cloister yard an old pear tree was in full bloom, and the Castile roses climbed on the half-broken pillars. In the church itself the roof has fallen in places. The altar is standing, shorn of its ornaments, but St. Michael with his scales is still above it to guard, while the high pulpit still hangs upon the wall. The fallen timbers lie as they fell. "All her gates are desolate."

There are Indian remains to be seen here, the old Mill, the place the water was taken out of river, and many works of the good fathers. But the building itself was most impressive of all, left in its utter solitude and desolation, where all told of past activity and splendor.

INEFFICIENCY OF OUR CITY GOVERNMENT.

BY ABBOT KINNEY.

MERICAN city government is a failure. This is a sweeping statement, but it is unfortunately true. The Federal Government is fairly satisfactory. We have then our city political units of government, wasteful, incompetent, expensive, and often, we must admit, corrupt; while the General Government is comparatively efficient and, aside from pensions, not excessive in expenditures. City politics educate a considerable number of men interested in general public business, and city methods are more and more being introduced into State and Federal affairs, so that such assimilation of condition as is going on is for the worse, and must continue downward until city politics are reformed. Present city methods in politics best reward secret machinations, combination in conspiracy, deception and audacious fraud. The welfare of the city or its citizens plays no part in success. Men with the talents of present practical politics are always dominant in municipal matters, and such citizens as go into politics from an interest in public affairs in the higher sense, are at once confronted with the cohesive combinations for plunder that pervade all city politics, from the primary to the court room. To attain place and power, it seems essential to use the methods and machinery at hand, or to consent knowingly to their use by the cabal or boss. Thus the best type of citizens is either discouraged and driven from any public service, or is tempted and seduced into moral sewers and becomes, in spite of everything, lowered and defiled, and loses its power to do good.

There are, of course, exceptions. It seems fair to say that the moral tone in politics is lower than the moral tone of the community. It is generally admitted that men consent to, or procure or perform questionable acts, treacheries, combines, violations of law and absolute frauds in politics, that they would have nothing to do with as business or professional men in every-day life. However this may be, there are several sufficient reasons for a reform of city politics which are beyond dispute. These may be summarized as follows:

First—Excessive expenses and consequent high taxes.

Second—Unbusiness-like methods, lack of proper checks, and consequent leaks in the public treasury.

Third—Poor and ill-combined work in public matters, lack of efficient supervision of all sorts of contracts and contractors, waste and favoritism.

Fourth—Moral degradation of city politics, threatening infection to all other politics.

An examination of the Federal and city plans of government, reveals at once a radical difference in their theory, which is quite sufficient to explain the difference in their practice. The Federal system provides an elected President and Congress. All the executive and judicial officers are appointed by the President, and nearly all may be relieved or removed by him. The Executive has therefore the power of doing damage, and the power of doing good, and is directly and clearly responsible to the people. If the administration is not efficient, economical and honest, it is the President's fault, because he has the power to make it so. He has this power by law. We can thus explain how our national administrations have

been so little controlled by cabals and bosses behind the chair. City government is on exactly the opposite type. The council, or supervisors and mayor are indeed elected, but all the executive and judicial officers are independent of the nominal executive chief. Some are appointed by the city legislative department, some by the Governor of the State, and some by boards or commissions; but most are elected by the people. The mayor is an executive cipher. He has the legislative power of the veto, and some advisory and auditory powers. He has however no practical executive power. Simmered down, his function is that of a common scold.

Our city system insures a government without plan, unity or force. It invites inefficiency, waste and corruption. It is pervaded by inherent defects that must produce poor government.

Like a child with rickets, the tendencies and ambitions to good works and great acts that exist in the spirit must fail in execution, through the physical debility arising from the constitutional disease.

The city system is so weak and unworkable that it has everywhere encouraged, and nearly everywhere created and supported, an inside real government. This is headed by a cabal or oligarchy in some cities; in others by a boss or by bosses, with full executive power over its organization or machine. The legal or charter government of cities is in reality under the control of another government that has no warrant in law, is totally irresponsible and is generally commanded by a chief who is not even a member of the legal government. The complete centralized system which the boss-inside-government has developed is the actual governing and appointing power in our cities. It only exists because of the contemptible incapacity of the charter system. The boss or bosses operate sometimes for power and sometimes for gain, but their method is always the same—that of using public office for plunder instead of honor, and the public taxes for personal profit instead of the public advantage. This method must continue to be the only one possible for our back-door government, because under it, city office is no longer an honor, and the sole object in joining the machine is gain.

The defects of American city governments are not due to party politics or to partisan fanaticism. Nowhere is there less fanaticism or less inquiry about principles than in city politics. Nowhere is treachery to a general or national ticket more common, in consideration of money or a local office, than in cities; and at the same time the boss-cohorts, ballot-stuffers and thugs are more united and organized than are any other political elements.

It is easy, in a popular rising, to rout these gangs of plunderers, but the weakness of the legal city system immediately calls in new bosses, and matters do not improve.

New York was robbed of Tammany by Tweed. He was a Democrat, but secured such State laws as he wished, by the purchase of Republican Legislatures. The Democratic party is supposed to control the New York machine, while the Republican party controls the Philadelphia ring. The members of this latter combine have stolen and embezzled directly large amounts of public money. San Francisco has been under Boss Buckley, a so-called Democrat, whose career ended under the charge of selling the State and Congressional ticket for coin. It is now under a firm of Republican bosses, who are repeating Buckley's methods, and putting the taxpayers through the familiar sweat-box.

It is not primarily a matter of the national parties at all that city government is such a mockery and disgrace. This is due to the continuance of a municipal plan that may be suited to a small village, such as we started our government with, but which has been entirely outgrown by

our cities, both in their cosmopolitan composition and in their size.

Under the present system we elect a mayor as the city's chief, with no executive power, and then cause those executive officers, through whom he must work, to be appointed or elected independently of him, and place them beyond his control. By this means these officers often belong to different factions and parties from the mayor, and are frequently more desirous of causing the mayor's failure in administration than his success. Many cities give the appointment of certain executive officers to the council. This causes members of the city legislature to be elected, not on their quality as public-spirited citizens, or their capacity as legislators, but upon the issue as to whom they will select as chief of police. Such executive candidates only too often make common cause with the criminal and quasi-criminal population, and elect, as a result, councils to whom we would not trust the integrity of a hen-coop. Another grave objection is the great number of candidates, sometimes over one hundred, that must be submitted to the voters at each election. Even the best citizens are unable to scrutinize such a ticket intelligently.

Our city governments are devoid of harmony in their parts, and totally lack force for good, while plentifully endowed with a capacity for waste and for evil.

If anyone should propose to remodel the National Government on the city plan, he would be hooted out of court. Think of electing a President, electing his Cabinet, and even down to his marshals and peace-officers! It is manifest that a President so handicapped could not be held responsible for his administration. He being of one party, with distinctive principles, might find his executive officers, not only entirely independent of his control, but actually belonging to and dependent upon a party, or several parties, with principles the exactly diverse from those he was elected to carry out. No merchant, manufacturer, or farmer could manage his affairs under our city system. Such an attempt would result in his prompt destruction. What would become of a business in which the heads of departments, and even the clerks, were appointed and held in place independently of the owner? Not only so, but as likely as not appointed by his rivals and opponents! There is but one answer—the business would fail.

The conduct of city affairs is essentially a business matter, and the analogy is essentially appropriate.

The defects of city government in this country have long been recognized, but the treatment tried for them has been, in the language of medicine, a treatment of symptoms without any diagnosis of the constitutional disease—the common cause of all the ills sought to be eradicated.

In New York, a number of city departments were taken from the city and given to the State Legislature, with a common injury to the city and the Legislature. In California cities, similar experiments have been tried, and now we have park and harbor affairs in State hands. Taxing power has been limited; power to incur debt has been limited; laws have been piled on laws, until a city charter is a mountain of words, a labyrinth of legal technicality and a muddle of confusion that has become a life-study to understand. And all this with no material remedy for essential defects, and no suppression of the boss nuisance. It is like a building erected on an insecure foundation that patchwork and additions only render more unsafe.

There is one idea common to all our city charters. It is that, under the present system, citizens of cities are incompetent to manage their public affairs. This is rank heresy in a Republican Government, for if it be true, Republican Government must be a mistake.

A radical remedy stands exemplified at our hand in the Federal Con-

stitution. Why not adopt and put in force a theory, that entrusted with the vast interests of the whole country has worked fairly well? Simplify and curtail city charters. Elect a legislative body and a mayor. Elect no other executive or peace officer. Place the appointment of such officers in the hands of the Mayor under such civil service regulations, as will not confine his energies to official appointments. That is placing subordinate and clerical officers on a tenure of competency.

In this way a city government can become an harmonious whole, with an executive head who is and can be clearly held responsible for the efficiency and economy of all departments. At the same time, the policy of the city will be in a legislative body elected upon legislative lines, and not upon questions quite foreign to legislative business. The people do concentrate their energies on the election of a mayor, and in all American cities, generally get good men for this office. The enlargement of power and efficiency here suggested is certainly likely to increase this attention of the public to their chief, and to secure even stronger men than we now get.

If it be objected that this simple change will place too much power in the hands of the Mayor, there are two answers:

First—The President of the United States has infinitely greater powers in a similar line. Besides civil officers, he appoints, controls and commands also the Army and Navy officers; and if such powers be a danger in a mayor they are a thousand-fold greater danger in a president.

Second—The present system has built up an irresponsible power unknown to the law, that has become a corrupt tyranny alike dangerous to the material and moral welfare of cities. The boss rule in cities is a direct outgrowth of the inherent weakness of the present system. No powers that might be given a mayor could result worse than our oligarchy or boss rule. A mayor would be only elected with the knowledge and by the consent of the citizens, whereas the ring or boss come into power by secret, self-seeking machinations, corrupt in themselves and dependent on corruption. Their present power is to-day greater than that suggested for the mayor. So that if objection be raised to giving a mayor the possibility of making a good government, we are thrown back on the present certainty of the boss power to create a bad one. We have tried patch-work; we have tried legal rule piled on legal technicality; we have tried from every point, the theory that city citizens are incapable of self-government. Is it not about time to try a theory in harmony with Democratic institutions? Is it not about time for our citizens to throw overboard their heretical and boss-breeding insanity, and adopt charters in which the people's trusted agents shall be given the power to transact the people's business without any ring and boss intervention?

A business system of city government, by agents directly controlled by and responsible to the people, will lower taxes, increase improvements, create public works, build up commerce and more than all else, purify politics.

CLIMATE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY DR. R. J. HALL.

TRAVELERS, whether in search of health or pleasure, are too apt to think of Southern California as a whole, regardless of the fact that peculiarities of position, the promontories and indentations of the coast, the direction and height of mountain ranges, the distance of a few miles from the ocean, the protection in places, by islands, lying off the coast, etc., cause marked and important differences between points only a few miles distant from each other. I propose, therefore, to describe the special characteristics of a comparatively small extent of country, lying along the coast between Point Conception and Ventura, about sixty miles in length.

This forms a narrow strip, from one to five miles in width, shut off and protected by a range of mountains, the Santa Ynez, at the northwest, lying for the most part, on a gentle slope, toward the northeast, where it is bounded by the Pacific, and to a great extent protected from ocean storms by a chain of islands, about twenty-five miles from the coast.

The protection, by the mountain range to the north and west and on the other side by the off-lying islands, from the high winds prevalent in many other places, and warmth afforded by the southern exposure, tempered by the neighborhood of the sea and the ocean breezes, have combined to give this narrow strip a mild and equable climate.

This, with its freedom from malaria and its unrivaled scenery, renders it in many respects superior to the south of France, Florida and other well-known resorts, as a refuge for those suffering from diseases of the lungs and other chronic disorders.

I wish also to emphasize the difference between this region, lying immediately on the coast, and the country inland, and the varieties to be found even within these narrow boundaries. There are numerous cañons and valleys, either running inland from the sea or lying parallel to the ocean, between the foothills and the mountains—valleys and cañons, in some instances, so shut in as to give an almost tropical climate, with tropical vegetation — where the slope of the mountains and foothills enables sufferers from asthma, hay fever and similar affections to choose the exact exposure and altitude suited to the individual peculiarities of these capricious cases.

Statistics as to temperature, etc., are frequently misleading, as where, in a climatic map, we find the mean temperature of Santa Barbara and Sacramento to be the same, though the climates of the two places differ widely, that of Sacramento being much hotter in summer and colder in winter than that of Santa Barbara. A few figures, however, specially compiled for the use of invalids will be of value.

In an excellent article on the climate of Santa Barbara, by Doctor Bates, published in the Southern California Practioner, January, 1887, records of temperature kept for thirteen years are given. These show an average—for January of 53.25°, for July, 68.45°, and for the entire year, 61.43°. There was an average of only fifteen days for each year on which the temperature rose above 82° and of eight on which it fell below 42°.

These figures may be applied, with fair accuracy, to the whole strip of coast, which I have described. The nights are almost invariably cool, but

not cold, both summer and winter. Special characteristics very important to invalids are the entire freedom from malaria and the absence of any sudden changes of temperature, as night comes on such as in many places expose delicate persons to the danger of a sudden chill.

Many invalids, to whom an entire open-air life is all important, are thus enabled to sleep out-of-doors, summer and winter, either on partly enclosed piazzas or in tents, without risk or inconvenience.

Crossing the mountains, only a few miles inland, we find a different state of affairs, even where weather reports show the mean temperature to be the same. Here the temperature rises much higher in summer, 115–120 being frequent in the great fruit-growing districts. The weather is colder also in winter, frost being by no means uncommon. The diurnal variations are much greater, chilly or even cold nights often succeeding the extreme heat of the day. This is in many ways an advantage; but, as the change is apt to occur somewhat rapidly and does not come until twelve or one o'clock at night, great care must be taken, lest, falling asleep with light covering, invalids may become chilled before waking.

The coast line, of which I have spoken, is exposed chiefly to winds from the northwest and from the ocean. Those from the ocean seldom amount to more than a pleasant breeze, sufficient to cool the air. There is an occasional north wind, which, heated by the sands of the Mojave Desert, crosses the mountains and causes sultry weather for a short time. Even then a temperature over 60° is very exceptional, and these winds never last more than two or three days, and occur at most once or twice a year.

The really high winds, which are somewhat annoying, come from the northwest. The range of mountains to the northwest and the projection of Point Conception protect this favored region, however, to a far greater extent than elsewhere on the coast, except perhaps at Santa Monica, whose position in a deep indentation favors it also.

High winds are, moreover, far less common than is generally supposed. Careful records, kept by Mr. G. S. J. Oliver, of Santa Barbara, for ten years, give an average of only 16.4 days in each year, on which they occured. They are most frequent in June, July, August and September.

This peculiar portion of Southern California is known, especially in the East, far too much as a purely winter resort, and too little as a delightful place in which to pass the summer or for a permanent residence. With a temperature seldom over 80° during the day, the heat of the sun frequently tempered by a thin veil of clouds threatening no rain, nights cold enough for a blanket, magnificient scenery and perfect sea bathing, what more desirable summer resort can be wished? Along the coast and among the mountains the most beautiful situations abound, where "camping out" enables one to enjoy change, freedom from conventionalties and an entire open-air life. Such expeditions form quite a characteristic of summer life among the residents.

It is true that the splendor of the wild flowers has disappeared, and the hills are no longer brown. But other flowers, and especially roses, bloom the year round, with a luxuriance unknown in the East; and the beauty of the country is not destroyed, it is only a different kind. The only serious disadvantage is the dust, where roads are not properly watered.

There is a widely spread impression that Santa Barbara and the portions of the coast near it are foggy. This, however, requires explanation. Real fogs are comparatively rare during the day time, but common at night. These roll in from the ocean, chiefly after nightfall and disappear by early morning. Even when they occur during the day, there is no damp chill

such as we are accustomed to associate with Eastern fogs. The vapor is warm and not of a character to irritate the most delicate lungs. There are many cloudy days, which serve only as a pleasant relief from the glare of the sun. But an unfortunate local custom has given to these clouds, which co-exist with a perfectly dry dry atmosphere, the name of 'high fog.'

To this alone, I believe, we must attribute the false impression that Santa Barbara is a foggy place.

The rainy season lasts from November to the end of April or middle of May. The rain-fall, however, usually occurs in heavy showers followed by clear weather, so that fifteen to twenty days in the year on which an invalid would be confined to the house by the weather is probably a high average.

In concluding I must express my obligations to Mr. Hugh D. Vail of Santa Barbara, for his extremely valuable series of observations on the climate, extending over many years.

Also I append a table giving the observations, through a series of ten years, made by Mr. G. S. J. Oliver of Santa Barbara, himself an invalid who has found great benefit from the climate. The mode of classification, while differing widely from that usually adopted in weather reports, seems to me to have quite extraordinary advantages as a guide to invalids seeking to gain an accurate knowledge of the climate.

Average of the weather in Santa Barbara for ten consecutive years from 1882 to 1891:

	Days in the year.
Perfectly clear and sunny	157.9
Some fog, and clear	84.9
Cloudy during part of the day	58.9
Some fog, and cloudy all day	9.9
Clear, with some high wind	16.5
Cloudy all day. No rain	16.
Cloudy all day. Some rain	17.3
Some rain and some sunshine	10.3
Rainy most of the day	4.4

THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

BY N. P. CHIPMAN.

CAN the United States receive over half a million people annually from Europe and still maintain a distinctively American civilization? If the present flow of immigration goes on at what point will the National character begin to change? What will be the new form, and what will be the dominant race factor of this conglomerate and heterogeneous mass of humanity? Is there no limit to the assimilating powers of our people? What is the filtering process; what is the method of absorption by which a half million people, speaking all the languages of Babel, and reared under as many diverse surroundings, can be taken up, so to speak, in the national arteries and made part of the life blood of the nation, and not affect its character? Is there no law governing these movements of humanity?

It must be apparent that at least this much is true: this number could not move annually into England, France, Italy or Germanv from foreign countries without rapidly changing local character. Is it because of our greater numbers or larger extent of territory that the same may not be true here? We hardly have double the population of France, so that this difference could not shield us. Our extent of territory is large, but the per cent. of foreign population distributed among the mass remains the same, and extent of territory cannot entirely protect us, though it may mitigate and prolong the final effect.

The census of 1890 showed that

14.56 per cent., or 9,249,547, of our entire white population are foreign born. It showed, also, that 18.37 per cent. were children of foreign-born parents. This is a very large proportion. In no other country on the globe can we find such a condition existing, and hence we find no parallel exactly in point from which to draw any lesson or make comparisons.

History records instances of invasions, as in the early days of the Romans, when overwhelming numbers poured out of the land of the Goths and overthrew the Empire, and for the time destroyed its civilization. The Norman conquest revolutionized England and planted a new civilization. But we have not that case here. The case we have is this: Given a reservoir of people of distinct type into which is flowing from a dozen sources entirely different types. The reservoir is replenishing itself at the same time from within, but the flow from without is greater than from within. What is the probable result?

Here is a compact little table showing the number of immigrants arriving by decades, that is pregnant with meaning:

From	To	Number Arrived.*
1820	1830	128,393
1830	1840	539,391
1840	1850	1,423,337
1850	1860	2,799,423
1860	1870	1,964,061
1870	1880	2,834,040
1880	1890	5,246,613
Total		14,935,238

Assuming that the increase will continue in like proportion, is it not possible to determine the precise point of time when the foreign-born citizens will outnumber the native-born? It will be seen that more than one-third of the immigration since 1820 came in the last decade. A steady progression is observable except during the war period. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, there came 579,663. If this ratio of increase continues, the arrivals for the decade ending 1900 will be not less than 7,000,000, and if the increase during the decade ending 1890 over the number for the decade ending 1880 continue, the arrivals will reach 10,000,000. Our foreign-born population will then be about 20,000,000.

An examination of the Census Reports shows the significant fact that the alien population is not distributing itself equally throughout the Union. Of the 579,663 who came during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, 459,852, or 79.5 per cent., were destined for the seven States of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Wisconsin and Ohio.† Examine for a moment the result in the three States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The increase of foreign-born, expressed in per cent., was:‡

	New York.	New Jersey.	Pennsylvania.
1870 to 1880....	6.42	17.34	7.80
1880 to 1890....	29.69	48.39	43.87

The foreign increase for these three States from 1880 to 1890 was 35.87 per cent. Considering the three States as a whole, 50.83 per cent. are native whites born of native parents, barely one-half.

The Southern States may be omitted in any examination of the threatened foreign invasion, as only about five per cent. of that population are to be found in the South.

If we consider the entire foreign population as equally distributed throughout the North, our capacity to absorb those now here might be admitted. It is when we regard the rapid increase locally, and especially in a certain few States, that the danger seems imminent. In two States a very remarkable condition exists.

Out of each 100,000 of the population of Minnesota, 56,006 are foreign born, and out of 100,000 of the pop-

*Report of Superintendent of Immigration, 1892.

†Report of Superintendent Immigration Bureau.

‡Census Bulletin No. 183.

ulation of North Dakota, 80,449 are foreign born, including natives born of foreign parents.* This is the result of very rapid changes that have been going on in recent years and that are continuing. The changes in the three States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania are scarcely less significant, as we have seen.

Under our system of State autonomy citizens of one State are little concerned with those of another, and are but slightly influenced in character by reason of contiguity of boundary lines. We find often distinct types of foreigners in neighborhoods of the same State that have remained unchanged by contact with neighbors for fifty years.† So that we may deal with the question in detail by States. If North Dakota has a population foreign born and of foreign-born parents, of over eighty per cent., and it is still increasing, it cannot be long before the American type will disappear and the work of transforming or Americanizing her population must cease, for want even of leaven to leaven the whole. The same thing must go on in Minnesota, and the same result follow. Thus State after State in detail will pass under foreign influences.

I have extracted from the Census Bulletins the following details, which cannot fail to be instructive. The facts are presented in as compact a form as possible.

STATE.	Per cent. of Whites.	Per ct. Natives Born of Native Parents.	Per cent. Foreign Born.	Per cent. Born of Foreign Parents.
N. Dakota...	99.67	20.48	44.52	34.67
S. Dakota....	99.54	38.69	27.63	33.22
Minnesota ...	99.56	23.89	35.87	39.80
New York...	98.77	42.03	26.11	30.63
Wisconsin ...	99.62	25.76	30.77	43.09
Michigan	99.00	43.83.	25.87	29.30
California....	92.52	41.20	24.30	26.52

The white population of the United States is 87.80 per cent. of the whole. Of these 54.87 per cent. are natives of native parents; 18.37 per cent. are born of foreign parents and 14.56 per cent. are foreign born—only a little over 60 per. cent of the white population are pure American stock. A comparison of the table above given with the per cents. for the whole United States will show how much greater the proportion is in some of the States than for the whole country.‡

I have examined the population also by counties, and find the same disparity, only much greater. In Grand Forks County, North Dakota, out of 18,306, there are 3,518 born of native parents. In Griggs County there are only 343 out of 2,810, and in Pembina County only 744 out of 14,217. The same disproportion appears in many other counties, and also in South Dakota.§ In Becker County, Minn., out of 9,222, only 1869 are born of native parents; in Carver County 1,282 out of 12,532, and in Norman County, 581 out of 10,616.‖ There is not a county in this State where the natives born of native parents equal the foreign born and those born of foreign parents. Of the eighty counties in the State in eighteen only do the natives born of native parents equal the foreign born. The foreign element in California is larger than generally supposed. In Alameda County out of 89,559, there are but 31,267 born of native parents; in Amador, 4,023 out of 9,909; in Contra Costa, 4,410, out of 12,982; in Sacramento, 15,322, out of 35,364, and in San Francisco, 62,141, out of 270,696, or less than one-quarter. In twenty-three counties of the State the foreign-born and those born of foreign parents outnumber the natives born of native parents.* Much has been said of the classes who come here being unlettered and therefore unassimilative. It seems to me the more highly educated the immigrant, the less easy to transform him. He is the slowest of them all to

* Census Bulletin No. 201.
† "Our Country" by Josiah Strong, page 44.
‡ Census Bulletin, No. 194. § No. 208. ‖ No. 205.
* Bulletin, No. 322.

yield his love for the existing system of laws in the mother country. His intelligence may restrain him from opposition or outbreak or intrigue, but he is more capable by reason of superior intelligence to engraft his notions of government upon ours. The prime motive once was to escape tyranny and oppression, priestcraft and intolerance. This is no longer true. Governments in later years are more mindful of the welfare of the people; there is less complaint, and less ground for complaint by reason of oppressive laws. Now the prime motive is gain. Immigrants do not come so much because they dislike the Governments whence they come and are therefore the more ready to fall in with ours; but they come, many of them, with a strong belief that they have left a better and stronger Government. It would be hard to find an Englishman in this country who will concede that a Republic is better than a Constitutional Monarchy with limited suffrage.

Continental people do not dislike a strong central government, even at the sacrifice of some of the rights of the citizen. There is a growing tendency towards greater central power in this country. If we search deeply the cause, may we not find it in the presence of an unassimilative and un-Americanized population?

The entire argument in favor of unrestricted immigration (admitting that all agree upon the exclusion of paupers, idiots, insane and criminals) rests upon the assumption that the incomers will quickly assimilate and become Americanized. There was absolutely no tenable ground for the exclusion of the Chinese except the one potent and all-sufficient reason that they retained all their national characteristics and refused to assimilate. By assimilation we did not mean alone a failure to intermarry. We gave to the word a much broader meaning. The word means, to be made like something else, and in the case of immigrants, to be made like Americans. The Chinese in no sense identified themselves with our institutions; they had no homes or families. They showed no wish to become citizens; they kept aloof in class herds, and always came with a declared and unalterable purpose to return with their earnings to China. They never learned our laws or adopted our customs. Like bees, they swarmed out of their hives and took of our substance and returned to their isolation to hoard it and send it out of the country. Logically we must apply the same rigid rule of exclusion to any other peoples whom we find coming with like purpose and intent. It is said that 60,000 Canadians swarm across the line into New England at certain seasons, yearly, and return to their homes when the work is over. They escape the tax-gatherer; they perform no duty of citizenship, and add nothing to the wealth or stability of the State. Upon principle, they are no more to be encouraged than the bringing of the Chinese.

It has recently been brought to notice, although not through Government channels of information, that large bodies of South-of-Europe people have possessed certain anthracite coal counties of Pennsylvania. They come from Italy, Sicily, Poland, Austro-Hungary and Bohemia. They have crowded out the American, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, German and English, and exhibit almost the exact counterpart of the conditions existing in California among the Chinese before we began to exclude them. The foreign-contract law was not passed until 1885, but between 1875 and that time the counties of Lucerne, Scuylkill, Carbon, Lehigh and Northumberland had almost entirely supplanted their foreign mine-laborers and erected a section of Southern Europe.*

Let us look at the parallel for a moment. They do not, as a rule, bring their wives or families. They work for about half the former wages.

*Mr. Henry Rood in the Forum, September, 1892.

They club together and herd as do the Chinamen. They live on the simplest and cheapest food. They sleep in confined quarters. The Chief of the Hazleton Police raided an Italian boarding house. The building would accommodate an American family of six or eight. He found in it fifty Italians in the attic and on the ground floor, and in the cellar twenty others lying naked in the straw like hogs. They hoard their earnings and send them abroad to their families. They do not send their children to public schools. They do not learn our language. Their local papers are printed in their own language and their priests conduct religious services in that language. They are clannish and mix but little with Americans. They do not acquire landed possessions. They have no taxable property in sight. They support neither the Church, the school, nor the State. There is strong evidence for believing that they have a secret organization for mutual protection against our criminal laws, and it is found extremely difficult to convict them of any crime. The chief difference observable between these people, as described by this writer, is that many of these foreigners take out naturalization papers and vote at local elections, while the Chinaman consistently abstains from qualifying himself to vote.

A somewhat different picture is that presented in the same periodical by Mr. Kenrick C. Babcock in treating the Scandinavian movement to the Northwest. Few people outside of these States realize what has taken place as the result of the movement.

In 1850 the Scandinavian population in the United States was 18,075; in 1860, 72,582. From 1880 to 1890, 492,987 came to our shores.* The arrivals for 1892 were 66,295, and for 1891 about the same number. There has been a steady and increasing flow from Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and a very large per cent. of this immigration has gone into Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas. Fully three-quarters of a million foreign-born Scandinavians are in these States.

In Minnesota whole townships and counties are formed by them; in the newer counties in this State, as well as in the Dakotas, as high as forty per cent. of the entire population are of this race. In traveling through these Northwest States one is never out of sight of the Scandinavian farmhouse. These people are represented as industrious, frugal and law-abiding with scarcely any illiteracy among them. They incline to agriculture, and keep away from the towns and cities; they quickly become citizens and assume the responsibility of citizenship. They aspire to office and figure in official ranks fully up to their per cent. of the population. Their love of politics is only excelled by their love of the Church which is Lutheran and intensely Protestant. They patronize the public school and generally conform to American customs, and seem not to be inclined to perpetuate memories of the mother country. They are to some extent clannish and disposed to demand political recognition, by reason of their solid vote, but are not offensively aggressive. They come here to stay, and apparently have severed all connection with the old country and have no desire to return.

They have pushed the Northwest forward marvelously and it is not easy to find objection to this population.

Looking under the surface, however, may it not be doubted whether even such a peaceable invasion of an alien population is to be desired? It may be doubted whether an exclusively foreign-born population, no matter what it may be or whence it may come, can conduce to the motion and healthful development of an American civilization, unless distributed and so intermingled as to lose its national characteristics.

In 1890 there were of white population in Minnesota 1,296,159. Of

*Census Bulletin, No. 357.

these 457,057, or over one-third, were foreign born, and 518,151 were born of foreign parents. Out of this entire white population of over one and a quarter million, only 310,951, or less than one-fourth, were born of native parents.

In North Dakota, out of 182,123 only 37,428 were born of American parents, or about one in five.*

Let it be admitted that the German and Scandinavian, among our best classes of immigrants, have possessed those States, and let it be admitted that they do not organize as a class to control the State, will the tendency to further settlement not be towards more of that class and fewer American born, and may we not before long find these States with no American population? Will the young men of the Middle and Eastern States seek new homes where they must learn a new language and conform to the habits of living prevailing in Norway and Sweden, and Denmark and Germany?

Hon. Jas. W. Covert, a member of the Committee on Immigration of the House of Representatives, in a recent speech (March 3, 1893) in the House said:

"What the country most needs, so far as immigration is concerned, is a class of men of brawn and muscle, to assist in agriculture, and in the line of their work to aid in the development of the almost boundless resources of the Great West and South." The Congressional Record reports that the sentiment was received with applause on the floor and in the galleries. The Memphis Appeal-Avalanche gives expression editorially to the same idea. It says:

"The people of this country do not want desirable immigration retarded. The land is broad enough and rich enough to support millions of the worthy poor of Europe."

Ex-President Harrison probably had the same humanitarian idea in his mind when he spoke just before the last campaign with some little pride of the fact that the gates of Castle Garden swung inward, which was only an euphemistic way of expressing that more common form of hospitality that the national latch string continued to hang out.

And we must admit that if the public press is to be taken as giving the concensus of opinion at this time, Mr. Covert was not far wrong in his interpretation. I will venture the assertion, however, that in any popular audience in America to-day, the sentiment "that all people who can and will work for wages inadequate to decent living should not be permitted here to drive intelligent labor to the wall" will receive ten votes to the other one. In this sentiment lies a world of meaning; it strikes at the root of our civilization, which rests upon intelligent, well-paid labor.

The problem deeply concerns the wage-earners of this country. A crusade against Chinese cheap labor was begun by the working classes. The rich who readily utilize and make money out of the labor of others, were either hostile or indifferent to this movement. It is a singular fact, however, that the labor element of the country to-day has not become impressed with the present importance of the immigration question, and that the discussion is being carried on by the press and the thoughtful men without their co-operation.

Let us in a paragraph state the danger to labor. Statistics show that the wages in Europe, whence come our immigrants, range from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent. lower than in this country. This difference is found in skilled and unskilled employments alike. The constant and unchanging claim of both great political parties here is that legislation should be so framed as to maintain the high standard of American prices for labor. But labor, like all purchasable commodities, is subject to the law of competition, and the man who will

*Census Bulletin.

work cheapest will get the employment.

There is already a surplus of labor in this country, and the inevitable result of adding to this surplus by immigration or otherwise, will be the lowering of rates in the strife for work. The foreigner who has accustomed himself to live on a small amount, and is willing to do so here, will crowd out the American whose scale of living requires a larger amount to subsist upon. It seems to me that our legislators are sufferlng from mental obliquity or mental strabismus—they are either blind to the real sentiment of the people or are looking at opposite directions and fail to see the real danger. If we may consider the American, the result to him must be the same, whether he is gotten rid of by being good-naturedly elbowed one side, or is driven out by cruel competition of cheap wage-earners, or whether he is so surrounded by an alien element as to make life uncongenial. If it is to be the survival of the cheapest, we all know what will follow.

But a word as to the assumed vast unoccupied territory of the Great West. Is it true that the paramount demand is for rapid settlement and occupation of all our public lands, regardless of other considerations? Is it more important to add to the wealth of the nation than to maintain the distinctive character of her people? In our greed for gain in numbers and in wealth, are we to sacrifice the great motive of founding an American civilization?

Is it even now easy to obtain desirable public land upon which to settle? Is it so soon forgotten that United States troops are required to keep the peace wherever an Indian Reservation is thrown open to settlement? Have the wild scenes of disorder and the hungry scramble of thousands of home-seekers (mostly American) in Oklahoma faded from our memory? It is not true that we need the teeming millions of Europe to occupy our limitless lands of unbounded fertility. The assumption that our fertile lands are limitless is without foundation.

But for the prompt and effective protest of California, and the subsequent action of Congress, the Chinese would by this time have practically destroyed free labor in this country. Our present law against contract labor does not reach the root of the danger from competitive labor. The very men who cannot be brought in by contract may come *ad libitum* without a contract.

We draw the line now upon the undesirable classes by reason of some moral quality lacking, which implies that all others are desirable, and we have so held hitherto. The "asylum-of-the-oppressed" idea has been a national policy. It built itself up by an appeal to our greeed and our philanthropy, and when the avaricious and the philanthropic elements unite, there are few to oppose. Both of these elements struggled hard to protect the Chinamen, and both will contend against similar restrictive measures against other foreigners. But of one thing the honestly reflective and informed mind must be assured, that our national character and our present standard of labor wages must sink lower under the constant pressure of large bodies of alien races rapidly moving in upon us.

The danger to American civilization does not lie alone in the admission of the so-called undesirable classes, nor the remedy alone in the exclusion of the pauper and criminal. The danger lies in admitting, in unrestricted numbers, people against whom nothing can be urged, except that they are not of our blood or of our civilization. In the interest of the human race, we ought to be permitted to work out our destiny upon purely American lines. It is idle to say that fifteen per cent. of pure Americans can absorb or assimilate or otherwise annihilate the natural characteristics of eighty-five per cent. of the mixed races, chiefly com-

posed of only two types, and those utterly unlike ours. Considering the United States as a great human sponge, it is fast reaching the point of saturation.

The rapid change of population is not confined to a few States only. In 1880 there were thirteen States and Territories having from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of foreign-born citizens. In 1890 the number had increased to eighteen. We shall soon have to go south of Mason and Dixon's line to find the American type.

There can be no doubt that the absorbing public question in most minds relates to the subject of immigration. The periodicals and news journals are full of the discussion, but it will be observed that the burden of the argument deals with a limited class who are now pretty effectually reached by the recent laws of Congress.

It may not be easy to suggest, in advance of further public thought and discussion, to what extent our laws should go; but I am impressed with the belief that we have not sufficiently broadened the inquiry, and that we shall soon be obliged to determine whether our civilization, as well as our form of Government, is not menaced by the insidious and seductive argument that our broad and unoccupied acres must be peopled, no matter whence the occupants come so long as they are peaceable and law-abiding.

Of the foreign-born people in this country, taken as a whole, 31.75 per cent. cannot speak the English language. It is notable that in the States where the largest per cent. of aliens is found, the per cent. who cannot speak our language is much greater than the average.* In Wisconsin it is 42.23 per cent., in Pennsylvania, 41.40 per cent. There are 4,348,459 adult males foreign born in the country. Of these 36.02 per cent., or over one-third, have taken no steps towards citizenship, but are aliens.

*Bulletin No. 202.

In the United States, as a whole, 25.67 per cent. of males of voting age are foreign born. It can hardly be assumed that this very large element, eligible to vote, or to become voters, may be regarded as innocuous at the polls. The history of political elections shows that this element votes largely in classes, and as these classes have divided in their choice of parties hitherto, they have about equalized one another in their influence upon national affairs. But should an appeal be made upon an issue uniting all foreign classes, it is easy to see that they might control even now. It is in the possibility of successful class-appeal that one danger lurks. We have seen it in localities and why may it not be apprehended in large areas? It is no longer concealed that the negroes are practically deprived of their votes in the South, where they outnumber the whites, because of their voting as a class. There is no accounting for the uniformly large majorities in New York City for a particular party, except by the class vote of the foreign population. There can be said to be no assimilation of a class so long as it can be controlled nearly *en masse* for any party. No part of our population can be said to be Americanized so long as it thinks, acts or speaks as a class. It is poor compliment to our fellow citizens of foreign birth to appeal to them, in times of party strife, as foreign born. Such appeal can only proceed upon the assumption that they are less American than foreigners, and any such assumption is subversive of good citizenship.

With rare exception the public press agree upon stricter enforcement of our laws, excluding the so-called undesirable classes as the only step now called for.

In the light of the facts presented imperfectly in this paper, would it not be well to inquire whether we should not enlarge the list of excluded classes?

THE RACE OF THE TAILS.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

"JUST one more story!" said fat Juanito, turning up an appealing eye to his grandfather. We sat around the blazing adobe hearth in the shadowy room—a curious group you might have thought. The one white face there was mine. On all the rest the leaping firelight seemed to throw only shadows, for all were dark and strange. There were fat old Lorenso, and lean old Anastacio, and tremulous Diego, and white-haired José—four ancient Indians, in the quaint garb of their people. Cuddled against them were five boys, of whom alert Ramon with his ten years was tallest. As for Juanito, who was nearly as broad as long, he could not have been more than half that age. But he was plenty old enough to be as eager as the rest for the queer fairy tales which are the first schooling of a Pueblo boy.

"Then I will tell you of the Race of the Tails," said old Lorenso, stroking the boy's soft black hair; and he went on between slow and impressive puffs of smoke:

"You know well that Too-whây-deh, the Coyote*, is the most foolish of all beasts since all the others make sport of him. And once even the Rabbit put a trick on him, when they ran the race around the world.

"It came that one day Too-whây-deh was wandering on the plain, very hungry, when he saw the Rabbit sitting outside his house. 'Ho!' he said in himself, 'here is the one that will be my dinner.' And to the Rabbit he said: 'So here you are, you who have treated me so! Do you know that I am going to eat you up this very now?'

"'No, Coyote-friend, do not eat me! But I will tell you what we will do. Some say that it is easier to run with a large tail, like yours, but others, that those who are short-tailed, as we are, can run fastest. Now here shall be a proof. We shall run a race around the world; and if you come in first, you shall eat me. But if I come in first, I shall eat you.'

"'Pooh!' thought the Coyote, 'but *that* is easy! For everyone knows that I can run much faster than this one. Only I am very hungry *now*.' But no one can refuse such a challenge†, so he said: 'It is well—we will run. But how?'

"'In four days,' answered the Rabbit, 'as is the custom; for you will need to practice much. We will start from my house, here, and run around the four sides of the world. You shall run upon the ground, but I will run beneath it, for so my people run best. And whichever comes back to this point first, he shall be the winner, and shall eat the other. Is it well?'

"'It is. And then I shall certainly eat you, for I shall be very hungry.'

"'The eating is the last of the race, Coyote-friend. But go now and practice running. For you are so tough that I do not know if I can eat you.'

"Too-whây-deh went away, twisting his face; for he did not like to wait. But being very sure, he did not practice running, saying in himself: 'Pooh! why should I trouble? For I am the fastest runner in the world.' As for the Rabbit, he came out of his house every morning, and put his shirt down by the door, and went running and kicking the dust—always so that the Coyote could see him. But secretly at night he went to see his brothers, and sent word ahead to the Rabbits all around the world.

*The small prairie wolf of New Mexico.

†This rule is very strict among the Indians, even when life is the wager.

"When the fourth day came, the Coyote and the Rabbit stood side by side at the door of the Rabbit's house. They wore only the *taparabo** for running, and their faces were painted. Behind them stood two elders, and when the war-captain shouted '*Hai-koo!*' one pushed the Coyote and one the Rabbit, and both sprang like arrows. The Coyote went running across the plain as no other thing can run; but the rabbit sprung into his hole and began to dig, throwing the dirt out behind him until it was as a cloud.

"For many days the Coyote ran, not tiring himself; for he thought: 'Why should I hurry?' but when he came to the east side of the world, he pricked up his ears. For just ahead of him a Rabbit sprang up from a hole, and taunted him, and went down again, digging so hard that the dust flew up to the sky.

"'*Pero*,' said the Coyote, 'who could think it was possible to run under the earth? I will go a little faster,' and turning around the east he went running north very swiftly. Days and days he ran, never stopping. But when he came to turn, a Rabbit popped up just ahead, and mocked him, and went down digging like a badger. At this the Coyote was troubled, and said: 'Here I have been running faster than the deer can run, and yet this slow thing without a tail surpasses me! Of a truth, they must be very wise at digging, since they go through the earth so swiftly. But *now* I will show him!' And turning his tail to catch the north wind, he flew along the west faster than an arrow. Day after day he ran, until he could see the end of the west. But just as he was coming to turn, up came a Rabbit, crying: 'Pooh! Your tail will not let you run!' Then it dived back under the earth, and the sand and pebbles flew out behind it.

"'It must be *easier* to run underground,' thought the Coyote, 'else this tailless thing-to-laugh-at could not keep up with me. But that is nothing—now I *will* run!' And he ran as he had never run before, splitting the south like the yellow lightning. But when he came to the end of the world on the south, there was the same thing. Turning, he ran up the east, twice as swiftly as before—for now he was afraid. Day after day he flashed, like the red lightning; and at last came in sight of the Rabbit's house, whence they had started. Just as he was very near, out jumped the Rabbit, very dusty, crying:

"'Ha! It's too bad to have so much tail that one cannot run. Now if you were like us, perhaps you would not be such a slow-poke. But come here, that I may eat you as agreed, though you are so tough.'

"But the Coyote, being afraid, ran away. He was the first one in the world that, having lost the game, refused to pay the forfeit; and because of that, he is despised by all animals, and they call him 'the Coward.' As for the Rabbit, they made him a counselor among the four-feet, for his wisdom."

"But how could he run so fast under ground?" cried Juanito, whose big eyes had been growing bigger all the time.

"Ho! He did not run at all, you!" interposed Ramon, with all the superior wisdom of ten years. "He told his brothers, and they showed themselves at the four turning-points of the world, looking just like him. But *he* stayed at home, until he saw that *tou-too-dzh*, the Coyote, coming back!"

"Is that the way?" said Juanito, drawing a long breath.

"That is the very way," answered the old man gravely. "And that was the Race of the Tails."

*Breech-cloth.

OPERA.

BY A. W. H. BUELL.

THE war of the last few years for supremacy in the operatic world and the apparent victory of the German and French or Eclectic schools over the old Italian, with the latter's steady descent into oblivion at least for a long period if not forever, has aroused considerable interest in the evolution of Opera. In a recent article it was urged that if Wagnerian or German opera must be the accepted standard, instead of evolution there is involution, inasmuch as Wagnerian opera simply returns to the original form, cutting off as pernicious the changes evolved in two hundred years time. In order to judge if this is so or if, as we would rather think, we have a turning back to the earlier stage simply for needed reformation, it is necessary to examine the growth of the musical germ since its birth.

The word opera is an abbreviation of the clause "*Opera in Musica*" and means a musical work, that is, a drama either tragic or comic, sung throughout, with appropriate scenery and action. There are Grand Opera, Romantic—sometimes comic but never tragic, and *Opera Buffa* or comic.

There are to-day three distinct schools—the Italian, the French and the German. English Opera has no place among the great schools, being of a lighter type and different derivation, though strongly tinctured by contact with *Opera Buffa*.

In the early Greek tragedies it is quite certain that the choruses of the "Agamemnon" and "Antigone" were sung and the singers were accompanied by a band of lyres and flutes, and also that the dialogue was intoned.

Early in the 16th century, a small circle of musicians and *litterateurs* met together in Florence to revive, if possible, this old musical drama of the Greeks. Three of these men—Jacobo Peri, Guilio Caccini and Vincenzo Galileo, the father of the astronomer—while endeavoring to restore a lost art, discovered instead the *Lyric* drama. This consisted of a well-accented declamatory recitation of immense dramatic power, the simplest of melodies and a rudely constructed bass. The first work was Peri's "Dafne," which was followed by his greater "Eurydice," the latter being performed at the marriage of Henry IV. of France and Marie de Medici. Corsi, the liberal patron of Florentine art, presided at the harpsichord, while a chitarone, a viol and a large flute composed the remainder of the orchestra, which was concealed behind the scenes.

At first there was much opposition from the Church, which saw a rival for the mass and oratorio in this secular art-form; but its growth could only be retarded for a time by the opposition thus encountered.

Peri's immediate followers were Monteverde, Pergolesi, Stradella, Bunoncini, Freschi, Scarlatti and Handel. Scarlatti added an elaborate accompaniment, formed on contrapuntal rules, and, tired of the uninterrupted recitative, he adopted three styles—*Recitativo Secco* for ordinary stage business, *Recitativo Stromentato* for deep pathos or emotion, and the aria for passionate soliloquy. He also introduced the *Da Capo*, or repetition of the original strain as an ending, and was the first to write a prelude or overture. His overture became the model for the modern orchestral symphony. It was on Scarlatti's model that Handel wrote his forty-four operas.

About the middle of the 18th

century *Opera Buffa* gained its place on the stage through the efforts of Nicolo Logroscino. Previously to this the short scene of similar character was used only as an *entr' acte.*

Piccini, an Italian, the rival of Gluck, was carried to Paris, through the influence of Mme. de Barry, in opposition to Gluck who was supported by Marie Antoinette. The ensuing war between Piccinists and Royalists was a severe struggle between factions rather than between the two musicians. On the side of Gluck were du Rollet and Rousseau, while the Piccinists included Marmontel, La Harpe and D'Alembert. Piccini was a melodious composer, and developed the "*Finales*" into long concerted pieces not only excellent as music but remarkable as the earliest known instances of an attempt to make the interest of the piece culminate, as it approaches its conclusion, in the richest harmonies producible by the united voices of the *dramatis personæ*. His operas served as a model for the later Italian composers, some even accusing Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini of plagiarism.

Cimarosa and Paisello were both court musicians to Catherine of Russia. Paisello introduced the viola, clarionet and bassoon into the operatic orchestra. Cimarosa was one of the followers of *Opera Buffa*, greatly increasing its importance by "Il Matrimonio Segreto," written with the same plot as Rossini's "Barber of Seville." Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and "Le Nozze di Figaro" were written in Italian style, Scarlatti serving also as his model; but the German love of harmony is noticeable throughout.

The first great Italian composer of the present century was Gisacchino Rossini, called the "Swan of Pesaro." Most of his knowledge was derived from German models. He seems to have been a favored child of nature, for his melodies are sensuously sweet and his instrumentation richer and more ornamental than that of any of his Italian predecessors. He used the *Crescendo* extensively for effect, so that "Rossini's *Crescendo*" became a by-word among his enemies. He abolished the *Da Capo;* he gave more prominence to the bass and baritone parts; he banished the piano from the orchestra, which he increased with every new instrument; he gave the chorus a more important part, and insisted that the singer should sing only the written notes. Of his "Semiramide" the old English musical journal the "Harmonicon" writes: "It is composed in German style, but it is German style exaggerated. Rossini became a convert to this school, and his conversion does his judgment credit, though like all proselytes he passed to extremes. Not satisfied with discarding the meagre accompaniment of the Italian composers, he even goes far beyond the tramontane masters in the multitude and use of instruments and frequently smothers his concerted pieces and choruses by the overwhelming might of his orchestra." "Guillaume Tell," written after his removal to Paris, belongs to the French school.

Vincenzio Bellini was fortunate enough to secure the assistance of the great Barbaja, of La Scala at Milan, and also to write for such artists as Grisi and La Blanche. "His genius is exclusively lyrical and tuneful; he was no harmonist, he had no power of contrivance; and in his most dramatic scenes he produced his effects simply by the presentation of appropriate and expensive melodies."

Gaelaño Donizetti was not only a musical genius, but he also wrote and rearranged his own librettos, writing the last acts in both "Lucia" and "La Favorita." From the number of his works he stands at the head of the Italian school. His melodies are most agreeable, and there is much chance for vocal display; but he lacks the sweetness of Bellini and is too much an imitator of Rossini.

Guiseppe Verdi is the only living great Italian composer. His earlier

works were written in the old Italian style, but his "Aida" shows a strong tendency towards the German type, which may be a forewarning of the entire submerging of the old form or, as we would rather hope, the formation of a new Italian school of opera. "The noble orchestration of 'Aida,' the power and beauty of the choruses, the dignity of treatment, the pathos of the work, reveal that new purposes and methods have been fermenting in the composer's development. Yet in the very prime of his powers though no longer young, his next work ought to settle the value of the hopes raised by his last," writes Ferris. "Otello," unfortunately, is not its equal.

The general characteristics of the old Italian opera are "Predominance of melodic forms, adapted principally to the display of solo vocalism in accordance with the genius of the Italians, general harmonic poverty and lack of dramatic truthfulness."

French Opera owes its birth directly to the ballet, an entertainment consisting in its first stages not only of dancing but also of singing, the performers oftentimes carrying musical instruments. As early as 1581, a ballet with dance tunes, choruses, musical dialogues, and *ritornelle* was acted before Henry III. The dramatic ballet is said to have been invented by the Duchess of Maine, one of Louis XIV.'s court beauties. She used as her libretto the fourth act of "Les Horaces," and, at the express desire of the monarch, ladies of the Court were admitted in the ballet, thereby creating for it a prestige hitherto unknown. It was impossible to adapt the classic form of French poetry to music, and at last, amid the outcries of his friends, the Abbé Perrin wrote a libretto in blank verse which was immediately set to music by the Court organist Cambert. This was called "Pastorale Premiere, Comedie Francaice en Musique." This resulted in a patent for the opening of a school of opera.

While Perrin and Cambert were enjoying the benefit of their united efforts, a new and dangerous rival presented himself. Giovanni Battista Lully, born in Florence in 1633, was brought to Paris in the service of Mlle. de Montpensier, niece of the King. He gradually raised himself to director of the King's orchestra. Gaining the friendship of Boileau, Lafontaine, and finally that of the King himself, he at last obtained the position of first musician of the kingdom and quietly appropriated Perrin's patent for himself. Lully turned to classic poetry for his librettos, making his music an accessory only, and by his exact knowledge of stage effects, his earnestness, the immense amount of study he demanded from his artists, raised the standard immeasurably. He also developed the form of the modern overture. In the place of the weak preludes of his contemporaries he substituted an opening slow movement followed by an *Allegro*, and sometimes added a third movement in dance form. This was an innovation we cannot be too thankful for. He had only one rival, Rameau, who first discovered the foundation of harmony as studied to-day. Rameau's career was darkened by the establishment of an Italian comic-opera school in Paris which led to the two cliques, the Bouffonites and Anti-Bouffonites. On the side of the former was J. J. Rousseau who had some reputation as a theorist and above all was known as a reformer of all modern styles. His advice in regard to Grand Opera is to-day of great value: "The orchestra should never come to a stop in an opera, but even when the singing ceases should follow up the thought-train of the actor."

In Gluck, Rousseau found his ideal composer. The reformation Gluck desired is explained in his preface to "Alceste":

"When I undertook to set 'Alceste' to music I resolved to avoid all those abuses which had crept into Italian opera through the mistaken vanity of

singers and the unwise compliance of composers which rendered it wearisome and ridiculous, instead of being, as it was once the grandest and most imposing stage of modern times. I endeavored to reduce music to its proper function, that of seconding poetry by enforcing the expression of sentiment and the interest of the situations without interrupting or weakening it by superfluous ornament. My idea was that the relation of music to poetry was much the same as of harmonious coloring and well-disposed light and shade to an accurate drawing, which animates the figures without altering the outlines. I have therefore been very careful never to interrupt a singer in the heat of a dialogue in order to introduce a tedious *ritornelle*, nor to stop him in the middle of a piece either for the purpose of displaying the flexibility of his voice on some favorite word or that the orchestra might give him time to take breath before a long sustained note. Furthermore I had not thought it right to hurry through the second part of a song, if the words happened to be the most important of the whole, in order to repeat the first part regularly four times over, or to finish the air where the sense does not end in order to allow the singer to exhibit his power of varying the passage at pleasure. In fact, my idea was to put an end to abuses against which good taste and good sense have long protested in vain. My idea was that the overture ought to indicate the subject and prepare the spectators for the character of the piece they were about to see; that the instruments ought to be introduced in proportion to the degree of interest and passion in the words; and that it was necessary above all to avoid making too great a disparity between the recitative and the aria of a dialogue, so as not to break the sense of a period or awkwardly interrupt the movement or animation of a scene. I also thought that my chief endeavor should be to attain a grand simplicity, and consequently I have avoided making a parade of difficulties at the cost of clearness. I have set no value on novelty as such, unless it was naturally suggested by the situation and suited to the expression. In short there was no rule which I did not consider myself bound to sacrifice for the sake of effect."

In spite of this ample apology his work was denounced by all the critics. Germany was as severe as Italy. They complained of "too much simplicity" and "a naked skeleton"; and yet his works are models used to-day, and of all the operas of that time, his "Eurydice" alone survives. Rousseau, his great friend and admirer, said: "I find that melody streams out of all his pores."

A few years later and the Revolution put an end to all idea of dramatic composition in France, excepting that one sublime offspring of the times, Rouget dé Lesle's "Marseillaise"—first called the "Chant du Guerre pour l'armée du Rhin." Strange to say, this period saw the beginning and opening of the Paris Conservatoire under Sarretti.

Cherubini, considered by some the father of modern French opera, forms the "Link between the classic idealism aud modern Romanticism." A worthy disciple of Gluck in all that was pure in form and having from his Italian birthright the love of melody, he combined the best of the two elements. For twenty-eight years he stood the foremost figure on the operatic stage, admired by all the great musicians of the day. A contemporary, though a very youthful one, of Gluck and Mozart, the friend of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, of the same age as Bellini, Rossini and Donizetti, and living to hear the earliest works of Verdi and Wagner, he stands forth as a pedagogue of an eclectic school, his influence being felt more as a guide and a teacher than a writer. Among his pupils were Mehul, Spontini and Halevy. Meanwhile the example of Gretry in

Opera Buffa, was followed by Boieldieu and Auber.

Giacomo Meyerbeer, whose name should be written Jacob Meyer Beer, was a native of Berlin, but was attracted to Paris as an art critic, and there brought out in 1813 "Robert le Diable." The people became wild over the new departure in stage effects, but the musical critics condemned it severely. Mendelssohn wrote: "I cannot imagine how any music could be composed on such a cold formal extravaganza as this." Vischer says: "Notwithstanding the composer's remarkable talent for musical drama, his operas contain sometimes too much, sometimes too little. Too much in the subjeet matter, external adornment and effective situations; too little in the absence of poetry, ideality and sentiment, as well as in the unnatural and constrained combination of plot."

Georges Bizet whose opera "Carmen" placed him in the foremost rank of French composers, died all too soon to give us more than one brief taste of the great possibilities of his genius.

Of all the modern French school Charles Gounod shows the greatest degree of science, beauty of idea, and freshness of individuality. His "Faust" has no rival. "It contains some of the noblest music ever written —not only beautiful, but spiritual, humorous, subtle and voluptuous according as Goethe's text demanded." There is no part on the stage so dearly loved as that of gentle, loving, sinning Marguerite.

French Opera is the intermediate state between the two extremes of Italy and Germany. It has borrowed from both, though more largely from Germany. Most of its great composers like Lully, Gluck, Cherubini, and Meyerbeer were foreigners, but it still keeps its individuality in its love for the ballet, of dramatic action, a certain sparkling vivacity and the desire for spectacle.

German Opera, or Opera among the Germans as it should properly be called, for the first hundred years of its life amounted to very little. There was no national school as in France. It was only an exotic plucked from Italy until 1765 when Joseph II. suppressed Italian Opera and the ballet and substituted the national "Song-play." Previously to this the city of Hamburg, which early in the 17th century was the music center of all Germany, produced several of these "Song-plays," even Handel writing music for them. They could not, however, be well given, for prejudice ran high against public singers, and the parts were filled of necessity by the ignorant; but a revival in their favor was wrought through the influence of Klopstock and Lessing. Already Mozart, taking Scarlatti as a model, had written his two Italian Operas, "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." He now produced his first German work, the "Entführung aus dem Serail," or "El Seraglio." The Emperor was not especially pleased, and criticized it severely.

"Too beautiful for our ears," he said, "and too many notes, dear Mozart."

"Just as many notes, your Majesty, as are necessary," replied the composer.

Of such importance was it, however, that all other compositions were overshadowed by it. But it was reserved for Mozart in the "Zauberflöte," which was given but a short time before his death, to open the eyes of his countrymen as to what a German opera might be. Beethoven declares this to be Mozart's greatest work, for he has shown himself a *German master*.

The next event on the operatic stage was Beethoven's "Fidelio" in 1805. He paid so little attention to the construction of the human voice that the parts were extremely hard to sustain, and it met with but indifferent success. Kotzebue writes: "The melodies and characterizations, exquisite as much of it is, lack neverthe-

less that happy, striking, irresistible expression of passion that carries us away in Mozart and Cherubini. But it was in this work that Beethoven gave the instruments a capability of expression unexcelled even to-day; to that extent that in the orchestra was found a true language for revealing the most secret emotions of the soul."

Weber's "Der Freyschutz" was first given in Berlin in 1821. His son writes: "He did not compose Der Freyschutz, he allowed it to grow out of the rich soil of his brave German heart, and to expand leaf by leaf, flower by flower, fostered by the hand of his talent; and he feels as if every line of the work comes from his own heart." He was the first to extensively use the *leit-motif*, and he also made a striking innovation in the overture, tying together with invisible withes all the themes of the opera, thus familiarizing the audience with the work.

Robert Schumann's "Genevieve" was not successful. There is lack of purpose throughout the entire work in spite of the individual beauty of some of the numbers. Two of Weber's contemporaries were Spohr and Heinrich Marscher — whose power of depicting the unearthly and demoniacal is unsurpassed.

Richard Wagner, the greatest of all dramatic musicians, was a great admirer of Von Weber, and his earliest works show Von Weber's direct influence. Unusually fond of classical study, he mastered all the details of the Greek drama, finding in its choruses the secret for his orchestration. He conceived the idea of a drama modelled after Æschylus, Sophocles and Shakspearean plays, which should be accompanied by music of Beethovenian grandeur. "His critical results may be briefly summed up thus: Poetry, music, scenery and acting are so blended that each has its own appropriate share and no more, as a medium of expression." He felt that opera had made a false start among the luxurious Italians, who simply wanted delicious melodies; and Gluck's reform consisted more in the music than in the words. In order to create his own music-drama, he decided to write his own librettos, with a simple plot and a few strong passions and great situations. Meanwhile, poor, disliked and feared by his friends for his new and startling views, exiled from home because of political troubles, he lived a hard weary life. But in spite of all he was able to rise above petty cares and write that keenest of all satires on restricted form, "Die Meistersinger;" and when, in 1864, Louis of Bavaria summoned him to Munich, he gave "Tristan and Isolde," the direct exponent of his art-views. The antagonism that the appearance of his first writings called forth was especially violent, for the reason that their author attacked not only the existing opera, but its representatives also, some of whom were still living. This state of things was not improved when the composer courageously followed up his theories by deed and in "Tristan" consummated with perfect consistency the break with the previous opera form. Not until his Beyreuth theatre was opened with the "Nibelungen" and pronounced a success would public opinion believe in him. Writing of Wagner, Langhans quotes Herder's words uttered in regard to Gluck: "The progress of the century leads us to a man who, despising the fripperies of wordless tones, perceived the necessity of an intimate connection of human feeling and of the myth itself with his tones. From that imperial height on which the ordinary musician boasts that poetry serves his art, he stepped down and made his tones only serve the word of feeling, the action itself. He has emulators; and perhaps some one will soon outstrip him in zeal, overthrowing the whole shop of slashed and mangled opera-jingle, and erecting an Odeon, a consistently lyric edifice, in which poetry, music, action and decoration unite in

one." Who is this? Had Herder the spirit of prophecy?

German opera, one may say, is distinguished by an unity of text, action and music, the absence of florid ornament, and the abundance of rich harmony.

After having gone over in brief outline the history of the Opera from its birth in the 16th century, nay, even from its early predecessor, the Greek drama, we find at first only intoned recitative accompanied by lutes and harps in unison. The genius of Scarlatti increased the number of recitatives for different situations, harmonized the accompaniment and developed the early overture. Later the gradual creeping in of the sensual love of melody, the display of voice peculiar to the old Italian school, and the utter loss of connection between words and music, brought about Gluck's stirring reform in Paris, where already Lully had made sufficient change to mark a separate school.

Gluck restricted the music to the office of ministering to the poetry without interrupting the action, and once more we find recitative aria and chorus each arranged in respect to detail as well as unity of the whole. With the assistance of all this came the rise of the German school under Mozart, Beethoven and Weber. From the last we gained a new form to the overture and the general use of the *leit-motif*, first found in Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

Rossini showed by his adoption of an eclectic course that he appreciated the necessity of reform and the lack of power and stability of the old Italian school.

From Germany at last came that poet and musician who, appreciating the necessity for reconstruction, turned back to the early simplicity of the Greek dramas for foundation and strove to establish equality of proportion in poetry, music and action.

Out of all this, and surely one must call it growth, there still remain the three schools. Each has borrowed and built upon the others, though still keeping its individuality. While musicians must feel that German opera to-day leads above all others in its entire completeness, still it is not best to forget had there been no Italy there would been no tender nursery for the little germ of music to expand in. And again, Italians will do well to appreciate the needed reforms their northern co-workers instituted.

SONNET.

BY W. G. BONNER.

A phantom ship went over the sea
  Close in the wake of a star,
  And since she stood away from the bar
No tiding has come to me—
Grief moans in her sleep, "Ah, well! ah, well!
  She will come to thee never again!"
But over and over Hope comes to tell
  Of the white sail on the main,
She may sail away for a year and a day,
  Hope may die and the ship go down;
She may sail away for a year and day,
  And then, when the tide runs up to the town,
Drifts in on the sunset's golden glow,
My beautiful ship of long ago.

SECOND CLASS.

BY DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.

AFTER a three-months stay in Europe, I found myself one fine morning in one of the great German commercial towns, with a purse as light as my heart, and still some thousand miles from home. A week in Paris, with all the café, theatre and other pleasures that are so attractive to a young Harvard graduate, had played havoc with my budget; and the simpler but more extended amusements of a German university town had served to complete the process of bankruptcy. In plain American, I was very nearly "dead broke." Dismissing the porter with the smallest fee that even German frugality would permit, I sat down on the inevitable slippery sofa, leaned my elbows on the equally inevitable round table and set to work to consider the situation. Two hundred and fifty marks, not a penny more in purse or pocket. With the two hundred I could buy a ticket on one of the slow steamers and spend a fortnight perhaps on the water. That would never do. It was absolutely necessary that I should be in New York by the 18th, and the calendar showed me beyond the possibility of argument that we had already reached the 7th. A ticket on one of the fast boats would cost almost double my whole capital. It was certainly very awkward, worse than awkward. The idea of borrowing occurred to me, to be immediately rejected as I was a complete stranger in Bramburg. Cable to America for a remittance? Equally impossible, as there was no one there to remit to me, and in any case there was not time to await an answer.

In default of better counsel, I filled my porcelain pipe, a tried old Heidelberg friend, and settling back on the slippery sofa, resigned myself to the half-unconsciousness of the drowsy weed. "There is never smoke without flame," says the proverb, and so it proved with my pipe. Hardly had the fragrant circles begun to envelop the room in a misty cloud before light broke in upon my mental darkness. Splendid idea! A second-class ticket by the "Moltke," which was booked for the next day at 9 A. M. The price the same as by the objectionable slow steamer, the accommodations presumably as good. And even if they were not, what did it matter to a young fellow of twenty-three, who had roughed it in German third-class railway carriages, on long student trips up the Neckar and along the Rhine? It must have been my German pipe that spoke so sensibly. In a moment my Republican principles asserted themselves "How," whispered this spirit of human equality, "how can you, an American citizen, who read in your glorious Declaration of Independence that all men are born free and equal, how can you degrade yourself so far as to travel second class on a steamship? How can you thus openly parade your social inferiority? It is well enough for a German or a Scandinavian, who knows nothing of liberty, but for an American, ugh!" For a long time I sat debating the question, now assuring myself that there was really nothing more degrading in economizing in ocean than in land travel, again shuddering over the possibility of meeting some aristocratic acquaintance on board, in whose eyes my position would be damnatory. However regarded it was disagreeable, like so many other necessities. But necessary it was, and so after finishing my pipe I strolled down to the booking office, and by great good luck succeeded in securing a very fair

berth. The agent's praise of the saloon and the superior society on board comforted me a little, though I knew it was not to be depended upon, and I left the office with the satisfaction that a settled resolution always brings.

That evening I went to the opera and heard the Meistersinger, whose foolish humor and rough jests brought one fully in sympathy with the plebian trip before me. The next morning I took the train, together with several hundred other travelers, to Hammerhaven, where in the greatest confusion we were taken out to the huge black mass that was to be our home for the following seven or eight days. My hurried review of the people on the little damper showed me no familiar faces, and I congratulated myself that fate had not suggested to any of my friends to engage passage by "my steamer," as I already felt tempted to call it. My lately acquired European democratic principles gained firmer hold, on this discovery, and I resolved that hereafter I should never allow myself to be influenced by the vulgar plutocratic prejudices of my native land. Foolish resolve! "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar"; scratch an American and you will find a snob or something very like it. In my case, the disillusioning scratch was administered by a young lady with whom one would never have thought of connecting so vulgar an act. Indeed it almost appeared as if those rather thin, aristocratic lips had never parted to utter such a word, and yet the sight of her standing there behind the funnel made me straightway forget all my German sense, reminding me that after all I was a true American. At the same moment the young lady—Ruth Putnam—recognized me and with a cordial bow extended her hand.

While exchanging light nothings with Ruth and her mother, whom I had not at first noticed, I speculated busily upon every possible means of concealing my real position, but they all proved equally impracticable. I could not feign seasickness before there was some sea even if my reputation as an amateur yachtsman had not been so well known; and while the passenger list gave no indication of the separation of classes, the secret would out on the first day. There was no harm, however, in keeping up the deception as long as possible, so dismissing the disagreeable subject, I resigned myself to the enjoyment of the moment.

"Yes, we have had a splendid time," Ruth was saying, "we 've been a week in London, another in Paris and two months in Germany, hearing Wagner and taking German, and now we have spent all our money and are coming home in a bankrupt condition. You must not be surprised if mother applies to you for a loan."

I did not say that surprise would but mildly express my feelings at the mere mention of such a possibility. I only smiled in what I knew to be a sickly manner and murmured, "Charmed, I am sure." Mrs. Putnam's rebuke of her daughter's levity was somewhat reassuring, and the grating of the boat against the steamer's side created an excitement as agreeable as it was opportune. Nodding a gay *au revoir*, Ruth followed her mother up the gangway and disappeared in the crowd, while I slunk miserably down into the confined quarters of the intermediate. The cordial greetings of a Hebrew commercial traveler, the only one of my roommates visible, by no means served to raise my spirits. Just then it would have required no great powers of deception to have consigned me to a sick bed. But the moments were precious, the lunch gong of the first class would sound in an hour and a half. Until then I need fear no discovery, until then I had the run of the ship.

Ruth was already on deck and alone. She was briskly walking up and down a strip of plank amidships, which terminated at one end in the

gangway leading to the second class. Approaching from the other side so that she should not perceive whence I had come, I greeted her with some commonplace remark to the effect that I hoped to find her looking as well all the voyage.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I am always on deck, and I know that you are just as good a sailor. I shall expect you to take me all over the ship."

"Yes," thought I, "especially over the second class," but again I answered with a forced cordiality, "Charmed, I am sure."

What a contrast to those jolly tennis meets at Beverly Farms and Cambridge, those more confidential and therefore still more charming chats at teas and receptions on my ancestral street. And to think that this was to be perhaps our last meeting and all because of that wretched economy of mine. Why didn't I let my New York engagement go to the dogs rather than run such a risk of social ostracism? But Ruth was gayly talking while these self-reproachful thoughts flitted through my brain.

"What a lot of funny people there are on board," she was saying, "I wonder why foreigners will always make such guys of themselves when they travel! I am sure we Americans don't."

"I know one American who would find it very difficult to make a guy of herself," I replied with a feeble attempt at gallantry, which did not, however, receive the discouragement it deserved.

"Not even if she wore a straw hat with a white streamer and a check ulster like that dowdy English girl over there?

"No, for she would reverse the fairy tale and make the clock invisible to critical eyes."

"How deliciously German that compliment is, unless it's an American joke," laughed my fair companion, though she seemed gratified by my words, I thought. "Have you learned any other German ways while you were studying in Heidelberg this summer?" with a slight emphasis on the participle.

"Yes, I learned to smoke a porcelain pipe that sometimes gives me the admirable advice which I ignore in the usual way. You know I never did care much for advice, good or bad, but especially good. Its last direction, however, I followed, and I since then have treated it with more respect."

"And what did this wonderful pipe tell you to do, pray?"

"To return by this steamer, intimating at the same time that I should never cease to regret it, if I didn't. That roused my curiosity and the pipe had its own way."

"I really begin to feel quite afraid of the creature. I hope it is n't like that old Eastern pipe I once read of that had a horrible lizard wound around its bowl, which came to life with the warmth of the smoking?"

"Oh, no, it's as stolid and harmless as a German burgomaster."

We were getting along famously, when all of a sudden the penetrating clang of the lunch gong sounded its aristocratic summons to the members of the first class. At that moment it seemed to me the most dismal sound I had ever heard, and I thought that even Ruth started. The wielder of this instrument of torture appeared to ring maliciously and to expend more than usual force on his blows, as he passed me.

"Don't let me detain you, Mr. Beacon," Ruth said, rather formally. "Mamma is always late and I am sure you are dreadfully hungry after that German apology for a breakfast you must have got at the hotel."

"N–no," I stammered nervously, "I should much rather wait here with you. I have 'nt my sea appetite on yet."

"But I really wish you would go, for we have no places engaged at table, and I will ask you to do it for us. Mamma wished me to tell you that she would be so glad to have you sit with us, if you are traveling alone."

"Exceedingly kind of your mother," I answered, the perspiration fairly standing out on my forehead. "But ——"

"Oh! you have a friend with you. What have you done with the unfortunate man all this time?"

"N—no, I am quite alone and should be charmed to accept your mother's kind invitation, but I—I—"

The fatal moment had arrived. Ruth's surprise at my hesitation and confusion would quickly turn into anger and contempt. But the truth must out. Mrs. Putnam might be expected at any moment, and I could not contemplate confessing my miserable secret to her unsympathetic ears. Bracing myself with a supreme effort, I said:

"The truth is, Miss Putnam, I am compelled by circumstances to travel second class, and for that reason I cannot even dine in the same saloon with you and your mother."

I half rose to pass over to the detestable after deck, but could not resist the temptation to glance at my companion. Her first look of surprise had deepened into one of amazement. Her aristocratic lips were tightly compressed, so tightly that they showed white at the corners. Those told the story of my condemnation more clearly than words could have done. With a slight bow, the most shamefaced I had ever made in my life, I passed to the quarters allotted me, ignominiously expelled from the Paradise in which I had been so happy. Then for the first time I realized that a gentleman has no business to travel other than first class on an ocean steamship. If I had had my treacherous pipe in my pocket, I should have thrown it overboard.

Fortunately there was no one in the stateroom when I entered, and throwing myself down on my berth, I gave myself up to the most gloomy reflections. At that moment Ruth was probably telling my miserable story to her mother. My name was figuratively being removed from their visiting list and their hearts at the same time. I could condemn it as snobbishness and call to mind the number of aristocratic foreign friends who had openly traveled second class on this very steamer without thereby losing caste at home; my home was not their home, nor our customs their customs. I was done for socially as far as Boston was concerned. My self-reproaches were interrupted by the ringing of the lunch bell of the second class. Our waiters had played their little piece for our superiors and could now attend to our material wants. I fairly shuddered at the thought of eating with that crowd (I had almost said rabble) of unrefined people. The superior society of the Bramburg agent did not appeal to me at all. But there was no denying that I was very hungry, so pocketing my pride, I marched into the rather stuffy dining saloon. All the places appeared to be taken, and I was about to leave in still greater disgust than I had entered when in the farthest corner of the apartment I spied an unoccupied chair and (could I believe my eyes?) next to it sat Ruth Putnam, no longer indignant and scornful but with a face full of expectant amusement. My amazement at seeing her in that place at first left no room for the joy that immediately after possessed me. There was still some help for me then and Ruth had not been angry because of my apparently false position.

"I hope you have got your sea appetite on, Mr. Beacon," she said with a laugh, as I seated myself by her with a sigh of perfect contentment.

"And I see that you have not forgotten how to tease in the serious atmosphere of the Vaterland," I replied, reproachfully.

"Tease!" she repeated, with a bewitching affectation of surprise, "I have had no such intention."

"But how could you make me think that we were separated by an impassible gulf, when all the time we were both on the same side of it?"

"They say an honest confession is

good for the soul. I will admit then that I learned your secret before our talk on deck. As we went down to our stateroom, which is nearly opposite yours, I saw you hurry by, and from your whole manner concluded that you were ashamed of being seen there. I was not entirely free from the same feeling myself, but I resolved to get some fun out of your sensitiveness. Hence my request about the seats at table and all the rest. When you got up after your final speech, I did not dare to look at you, and my efforts to keep from laughing must have been mistaken by you for wounded pride. Mamma has already scolded me for being so naughty, but I trust you forgive me. I really could n't help it. And now I will tell you why we are here, as you seem to think it is dreadful. I had a long struggle to induce mamma to do it. But all the places in the first cabin were taken weeks before we applied, and I was determined to get home for Marie Burrough's wedding on the 20th. I am to be one of her bridesmaids, you know, and I have a gown from Paris on purpose for it. Think of a second-class passenger with a Worth dress in her trunk! Finally, mamma gave in; no feeling woman could resist such an argument."

On retiring to my stateroom that evening my newly acquired benevolence induced me even to return my Hebrew companion's greeting with an approach to cordiality, and as I took my porcelain pipe, still warm after its moonlight smoke, from my pocket, I was careful to put it in a very safe place. Indeed, if you ever chance to drop into my studio, you will find it hung by a beautiful silk cord over a photograph of a young lady who once expressed a wholesome dread of it.

"We shall never part from the old porcelain pipe, shall we, my darling?" I said to her one evening. "It taught me a lesson and got me a wife."

"No," said she, "not even if it develops an Oriental taste for lizards."

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

BY HENRY J. PEARSON.

ON February 12th, 1886, the subject of this brief sketch died at St. Augustine, Florida, not having attained his fortieth year of age. He was born in Chester, England, March 22d, 1846. During his education at the King's School in that city he did not display much ardor in the pursuit of knowledge as offered to him in the monotonous subjects and routine of the class-room. The boy found more pleasure in rambling about the country and finding sport and amusement in rural surroundings and resources.

It must not be concluded, however, that Randolph was a truant. It was only leisure time that he spent in these rural enjoyments, and his worthy biographer, Mr. Henry Blackburn, pays him a just tribute in these words: "Perhaps the best and most characteristic record of his early life is, that he and his brother were two of the best boys in the school; the genius that consists in an infinite faculty for taking pains having much to do with his after career of success."

When twenty-one years of age Caldecott obtained a position in a bank at Whitchurch, Shropshire, in which he remained for six years. The duties in a country-town bank in England are not very irksome, and the young man had plenty of leisure and opportunity for indulging in his favorite pursuits. Hunting, fishing, attending meetings of fox-hunters, market

gatherings on Saturdays, and cattle fairs furnished his receptive mind with a store of knowledge well used by him in after life.

But this life, so congenial to his tastes, was not permanent. He was transferred to a bank in Manchester, where another view of human conditions and more arduous duties awaited him. The change was a violent one for a country-loving man; but he did not falter, and when he left Manchester for London, in 1872, the record of his office work was that he "did it well."

In Manchester, Caldecott found a new sphere, and his thirsty mind drank deeply at the fountain of knowledge which the strange environment offered to him. He frequented queer out-of-the-way quarters, collected curios and odd bits of antiquity, and joined the artists' club. Above all cities in England, Manchester encourages the study of art, and there Randolph Caldecott found exceptional opportunities of seeing first-class productions and gaining information. Innumerable were the pen-and-ink sketches which he made during this period; and, though his father had discouraged his artistic leanings in his early years, the imperative yearning of his talent asserted itself. Thoroughly appreciating the training which he received in Manchester — which he never forgot or undervalued—he left that school which had developed his talent, and threw off the shackles of commercial life.

Before he left Manchester he had already given promises of his future success. His first drawings were published in a serio-comic paper called *Will o' the Wisp*. That was in 1868, and in the following year many of his drawings were presented in *The Sphinx*. All through the year 1871 Caldecott sent drawings to London, "some of which have hardly been exceeded for humour and expression in a few lines."

Caldecott's change of life from the monotony and exacting punctuality required of an employee in a large commercial bank released him from the irksomeness against which artistic talent rebelled. He gave full rein to his hitherto restrained abilities, and success was speedily achieved. His illustrations in *Punch* and those in the *Daily Graphic* will long be recognized as the work of a master hand.

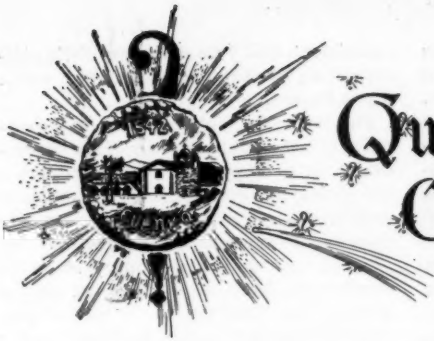
Caldecott had an originality and fecundity of talent that might have won him distinction in other pursuits. One of his friends thus writes very truly of him: "Caldecott's ability was general not special. It found its natural and most agreeable outlet in art and humour."

The illustration presented as a frontispiece in this number of the CALIFORNIAN is an excellent example of the work of the gifted artist, exhibiting the qualities just mentioned—art and humor finely blended.

SILENCE.

BY CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

Imperfect man could use no language now
More pure and vast than this that frets the soul;
But ah! *beyond* silence will teach us how
Perfection speaks to souls made pure and whole.



Questions Of the Day

IMMIGRATION.

WE call attention to the interesting and instructive article of Gen. N. P. Chipman in this number on the subject of immigration.

It is a subject of gravest importance to this country. The United States is situated differently from any other nation in this: that between others there is comparatively little inter-immigration while this country has, for a century, been the one to which there has been a continual stream of immigration from many or nearly all European countries, and during the last third of a century from some of the Asiatic. Our population has now become large, larger than the civilized population of any nation. Our public domain adapted to agriculture is nearly exhausted. We are already confronted with difficulty in affording employment to our people. At all times there is involuntary idleness, and not unfrequently it becomes alarming in proportions.

During the process of filling up the unoccupied agricultural districts, there came to us a more desirable class of immigrants than have been coming within the last twenty years. As we have grown our manufacturing industries have been developed, which has caused the congregation of large numbers of laboring people at industrial centers. The more liberal wages paid in this country brought to us artisans and assistant laborers from the old world, who have crowded out our own people. In many instances foreign people have been sought for because they would work for reduced wages, and the importers of such laborers have been indifferent as to their status or character. The result has been that immense numbers of unlettered, impoverished and turbulent people have been introduced, which has tended to undignify and degrade American labor. Most of our riots and mobs are brought about by the foreign elements which have congregated in our cities. Our liberal laws have permitted the immigration of criminals and paupers, who keep our courts busy and become burdens upon our charities. Socialists and anarchists feel at liberty to come and propagate their sentiments and disturb our peace and order. Later immigration is more largely of the class that have little knowledge of or regard for free institutions which compel obedience to law, and, if interfered with in their schemes to subvert all authority, become incendiary. Immigration inevitably increases the percentage of involuntarily idle people and consequently want, and adds to the danger of internal disorders.

The reasons for inducing immigration which existed earlier in our career have now disappeared. Our spare room is not so great that we need accessions to our population from that source. It is more important that we should digest and unify the population we already possess. It will not be maintained that we have not the right to select who shall be introduced into the national household, or to say that no more immigration is desirable. To restrict it so as to keep out undesirable elements is not a manifestation of hostility to our citizens who are of foreign nativity or descent, for if the consequences of indiscriminate immigration are evil to the natives, they are equally so to them. Certain classes we do not want, and they at least should be prohibited from coming, and they are the criminals, disturbers of peace, the diseased and the pau-

pers. To these should be added the class who do not come to be citizens and to unite heartily with us in building up the country. This view seems to be quite generally indorsed by the people, but Congress hesitates and delays in passing laws that conform to it. The cowardice of politicians is proverbial in this country, and no effective action can be expected from them until the people in imperative tones demand it. It is a problem for the people themselves to solve and the sooner they take decided action, the sooner will the solution be brought about.

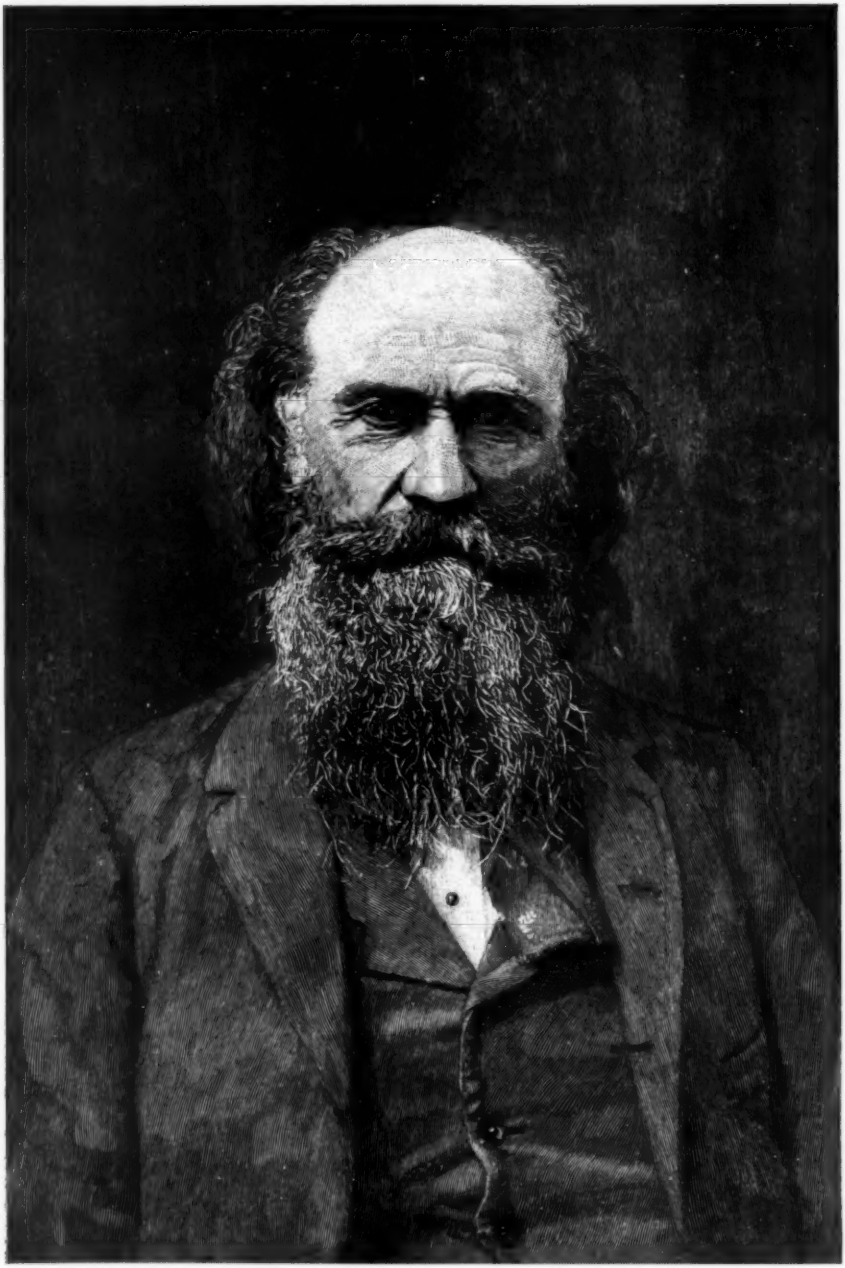
WHAT CAUSED THE HARD TIMES.

On this question there is a variety of opinions. Some account it to deficiency in the volume of the circulating medium, and others to the pledge of the Democratic party to radically change the tariff. Both have undoubtedly had their influence and whether one has contributed more than the other is a matter of decided differences.

The McKinley law was formed under an unlucky star. There was a deficiency of money when it was enacted, and it has been growing greater ever since. There was little money to invest in new or enlarged enterprises, even if there had been a decided disposition to do so. Beyond this, immediately after its enactment, and before some of its provisions became operative, the country expressed a decided disapproval in the election of a House of Representatives, which frightened any who may have had a disposition and the money to engage in producing manufactures or new materials, and two years later the country declared for a tariff for revenue only and that to impose duties for any other purpose would be unconstitutional. Hence experience has not been as logically demonstrative of true effect of the law under other and favorable conditions. Its virtues have not been tested, because the country accepted the bare assertion of its bad character as truthful without experiment, and even with very little philosophizing upon the principle upon which it was framed.

The theory of that law seems to be correct. It is that all necessaries of life impracticable for us to produce shall be admitted free of duty; that on luxuries a high duty shall be imposed because as they are mainly consumed by the wealthy classes they can afford to bear the burden; and that on all other commodities the duties shall simply make up the difference in the cost of production in this and other countries. Under this principle there can hardly be foreign or domestic monopoly because through such duties conditions mainly are equalized. This principle assures our working classes against competition with the cheap labor of other nations, and our own markets to our own people. If the allegation that capital receives the lion's share of the profits be true, it is not the fault of the law, but results from the failure of the working people to exact such wages as they are fairly entitled to. The law cannot prescribe the rate of wages or share of profits that capital and labor shall respectively receive.

Low prices may result from over-production, but it must be borne in mind that when money is plentiful consumption is greater, and when scarce, there is enforced economy and frugality. Products cannot bear high prices when there is no money or a paucity of money with which to purchase. The main causes of the present hard times are both a scarcity of money and a tariff policy that restrains industrial enterprise, compels us to purchase abroad, and limits the field of employment. What is wanted to relieve from present hard conditions are a considerably enlarged volume of the circulating medium, and economic and commercial policies that will enable the country to do its own work, give employment to the largest number of people, and keep our gold and all other classes of money at home.



Engraved by Watt.

JOAQUIN MILLER.